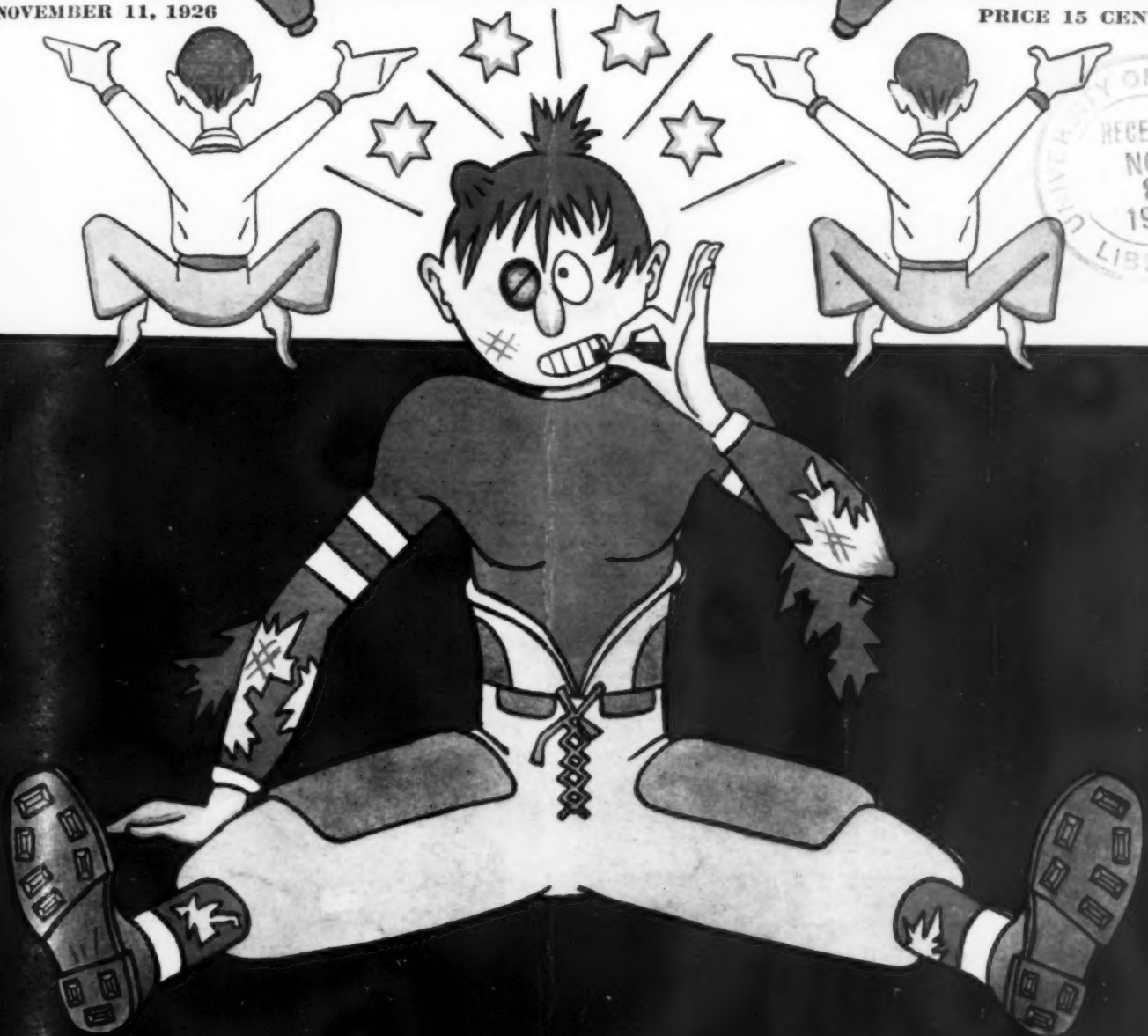


Life

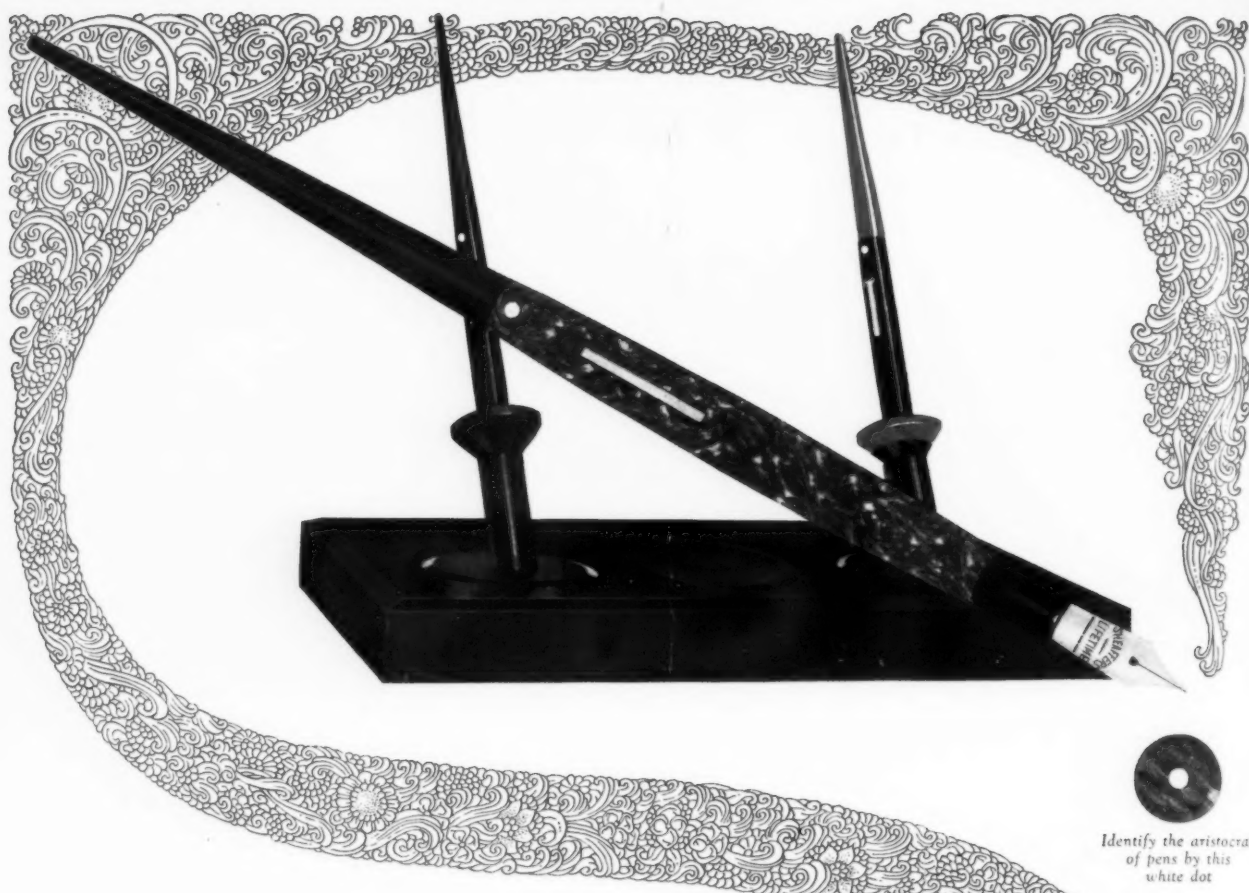
FOOTBALL NUMBER

NOVEMBER 11, 1926

PRICE 15 CENTS



WATERBURY - M. GILSON



Identify the aristocrat
of pens by this
white dot

This fountain pen desk set is writing a new story of achievement

In all the history of writing equipment, there never has been a greater innovation than this—a desk pen that contains its own ink—a fountain pen that stands ready for instant and continuous action. When not in use, it rests securely protected in a beautifully designed holder, which prevents the ink from drying on the nib. Ever ready! The Lifetime[®] desk pen is made of the new Radite, a practically indestructible material. And it carries the Sheaffer guarantee, the guarantee that unconditionally protects it against all repair costs for the lifetime of the user. Ask your dealer to show you this new writing idea.

Prices \$10 to \$30, complete with Lifetime pens

Regular Lifetime pen, \$8.75. Others lower.

SHEAFFER'S

PENS • PENCILS • SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY • FORT MADISON, IOWA
LONDON OFFICE, 199 REGENT STREET

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

DONALD G. DENTON



Only one car to compare

*And that an Italian car
several thousand dollars higher
than the Hupmobile Eight*

Thoughtful and analytical engineers, looking for a car to compare with the beautiful Hupmobile Eight, find only one.

That one is an eminent Italian eight, built in the painstaking European method, and priced several thousand dollars higher than the Hupmobile Eight.

That is both significant and important; for if these engineers are correct in their judgment, it means that the doors are closed to every car in America which might aspire to compare with the Hupmobile product.

But far more significant and important is the other fact that the public today is rapidly adopting engineering opinion and judgment as its own.

For this car is being bought today in large and increasing volume by those who heretofore paid the same price or a higher price for cars other than eights in their search for the ultimate.

Any good car is smooth—up to a point; and that point is the degree to which its principle permits it to be developed.

But smoothness is inherent and inevitable in the straight-eight principle; and in the high state to which Hupmobile has developed

that principle, smoothness is the very essence of its performance.

It is the last word in liveliness. Its get-away is faster, and especially it is faster in second gear, which almost everybody uses now-a-days in starting.

And yet, with its eight cylinders, the Hupmobile is showing a frugality and an efficiency in gasoline consumption that are amazing to those who thought they had driven economical cars.

We speak specifically about smoothness, quick-footedness, economy in running and upkeep, modish beauty, quality in the manufactured product, spacious riding luxury. You have the assurance of engineers—inquiring, eminent men—that the Hupmobile Eight has brought these attributes to their highest expression.

If you have never experienced the difference between the finest eight-cylinder performance and the best of other kinds of performance, one real test of the Hupmobile Eight will establish eight-cylinder superiority for you forever.

BEAUTY • COLOR OPTIONS • LUXURY

Sedan, five-passenger, \$2345. Sedan, seven-passenger, \$2495. Sedan-Limousine, seven-passenger, \$2595. Brougham, five-passenger, \$2245. Victoria, five-passenger, \$2345. Coupe, two-passenger, with rumble seat, \$2345. Roadster, with rumble seat, \$2045. Sport Phaeton, five-passenger, \$2045. Touring, five-passenger, \$1945. Touring, seven-passenger, \$2045. All prices f.o.b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

Sedan
\$2345

THE DISTINGUISHED
HUPMOBILE
EIGHT



*This Christmas — start
an Add-a-pearl necklace for her*
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
[GENUINE ORIENTAL PEARLS]

PICTURE your little girl's delight this Christmas—when you present her with a small strand of beautiful genuine pearls. Then look farther ahead and see her in young womanhood—the proud possessor of a magnificent pearl necklace. This is the Add-a-Pearl idea. Each year, on gift occasions, you or others, add new pearls to the string. It grows more precious with time. Make your little girl happy—at Christmas.

*Ask your
Jeweler*



*Correspondence
invited from
Dealers only*

*Buy additional pearls for your
Add-a-Pearl necklace on this
card. It guarantees perfection.*

THE ADD-A-PEARL CO.
108 North State Street, Chicago

The Three Witches Entertain

SCENE: A blasted subway excavation. Thunder and lightning; in fact, the usual 1926 weather. Enter three Witches.

FIRST WITCH: "When shall we three meet again,

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?"

SECOND WITCH: Next week-end, probably.

THIRD WITCH: As well remain in town and throw a party.

FIRST WITCH: Nothing like a good hurlyburly now and then.

SECOND WITCH: 'Tis well, weird sisters. Let us give a Halloween Affair.

THIRD WITCH: What can we do best to annoy the guests?

FIRST WITCH: How about souring the cream?

SECOND WITCH: Old stuff. Far better serve some good rich pumpkin pie.

THIRD WITCH: Nay, nay. A brew, a brew!

FIRST WITCH: In sooth. Some of the stuff we cooked up once for Mac?

SECOND WITCH: "Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark."

THIRD WITCH: And now how name it? All together, girls!

ALL THREE WITCHES:

SYNTHETIC GIN!

(The three Witches make the brew and sample it. Exit.)

Fairfax Downey.

Married Couples

MARRIED couples who have lived together twenty years without a cross word...married couples who quarrel on their honeymoons...married couples who spoon in the movies...married couples who spoon in the park...married couples with seven kiddies...married couples with no kiddies...married couples who hire detectives...married couples who make the best of it...married couples who marry young...married couples who wait too long...married couples who write joint articles for the syndicates telling how happy they are...married couples who write for the syndicates telling how their spouses ruined their lives...married couples who tour Europe together...married couples who never leave the house together...married couples who cheat...married couples who wish they weren't...married couples.

Donald Bachart.

A LUMP sum—the phrenologist's little fee.

WHEN you buy an electric refrigerator ask these questions:

Is the organization that builds it permanent and reliable?

Are its dependability and economy thoroughly established?



Frigidaire is a product of General Motors.

More Frigidaires are in use today than all other makes of electric refrigerators combined.



FRIGIDAIRE offers more value for the price than any other electric refrigerator. For example, Model M-5-2, illustrated at the right, has over five cubic feet of food storage capacity. The cooling mechanism has sufficient extra capacity to freeze ice quickly on the hottest of days.

It is quiet and economical in operation. It has the absolute dependability of all Frigidaires. The thoroughly insulated metal cabinet is beautifully finished inside and outside in gleaming white, and the price is only \$225 f. o. b. Dayton. All Frigidaires for household or commercial use may be purchased on the General Motors deferred payment plan.

A copy of the Frigidaire Catalog may be had on request by addressing Frigidaire Corporation, Dayton, Ohio, or at any sales office.



Frigidaire
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



The New TURNING POINT IN MOTOR CAR DESIGN



The new, finer Chrysler "70" is a turning point in motor car body design—forecasting the new vogue in motoring for years to come.

Its importance to greater beauty and greater comfort ranks with Chrysler's supreme contribution to speed, power, safety and long life.

It is a car whose fresh, new beauty ignores the accepted and strikes out an even more pronounced Chrysler leadership.

Newer, more exquisitely graceful bodies of exclusive Chrysler design—newer, more distinctive silhouette—newer luxury of comfort—newer,

greater riding ease—newer richness of upholstery—newer, finer hardware and fittings—newer refinements in controls and lighting—newer, more attractive color blendings far in advance of current harmonies.

And with this newer appearance the new, finer Chrysler "70" offers the proved superiority of performance, dependability, economy and long life which are Chrysler.

For it is basically the same Chrysler "70" chassis, save for valuable refinements, which is more emphatically than ever years ahead of contemporary achievement.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION DETROIT, MICH.
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO



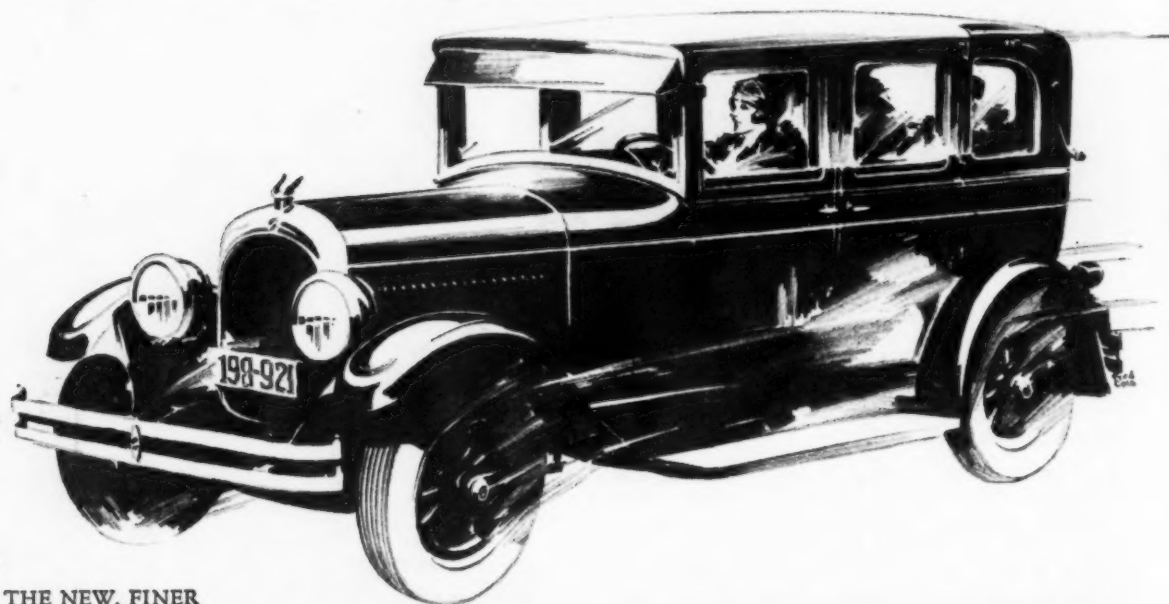
RUGGEDNESS

Prices of the New "70" Are Radically Lower

Notwithstanding the greater beauty and comfort of the new, finer Chrysler "70", and the advancements and refinements—resulting from Chrysler's unique plan of Quality Standardization—which greatly enhance the "70's" quality and value, prices have been radically lowered as follows:—

	New Prices	Old Prices	Savings
Roadster . . .	\$1495	\$1525	\$ 30
Brougham . . .	1525	1745	220
Royal Coupe . . .	1545	1695	150
Royal Sedan . . .	1595	1795	200
Crown Sedan . . .	1795	1895	100
Phaeton, \$1395	Sport Phaeton, \$1495		

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.



THE NEW, FINER

CHRYSLER 70

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

Life

Feminine Football

SHE: Oh! Was that Red Grange who made that long run?

HE: No. He's a professional now and, besides, he never played on this team.

SHE: Well, if he's so good I don't see why this college doesn't hire him.

HE: Don't you understand——?

SHE: Goody, goody! That handsome fellow caught the forward pass.

HE: Sh'h. He's on the other side.

SHE: But the ball was thrown to him, wasn't it? Otherwise why did he go for it?

HE: You see——

SHE: Look! That man in the white knickers is walking away with the ball and nobody is tackling him.

HE: That's because he's the referee and he's penalizing our team.

SHE: Doesn't he like our team?

HE: It's not that; he had to inflict a penalty.

SHE: I didn't see anybody do anything wrong. I'll bet he's getting paid by the other side. I wish you'd go down there and scold him.

HE: That's a fine idea, dearest! I'll meet you at the entrance after the game.

R. H.

Keeping Her Contented

BILL: So boss, so girl.

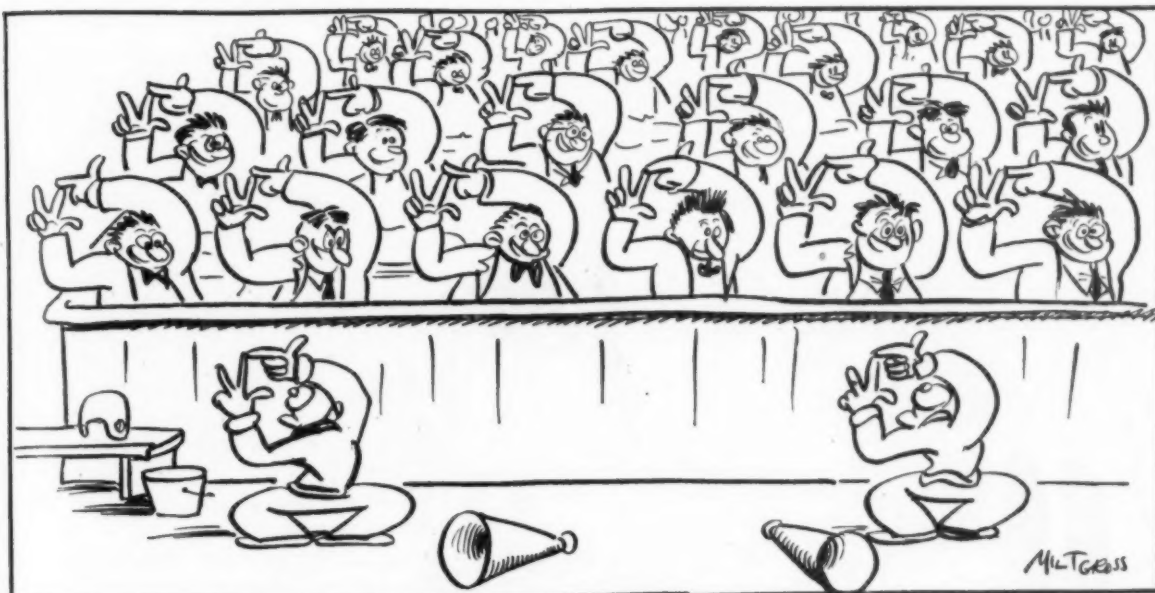
JILL: Why, that's not the way to address one of Dad's prize Jerseys. You should say, "So Holm Lea Perfection Boy's Sweetgrass Farm Farina's Carnation Queen IV, so lady."

WHEN the Sesquicentennial is over Philadelphia is going to have a huge stadium on its hands. Why not start a college?

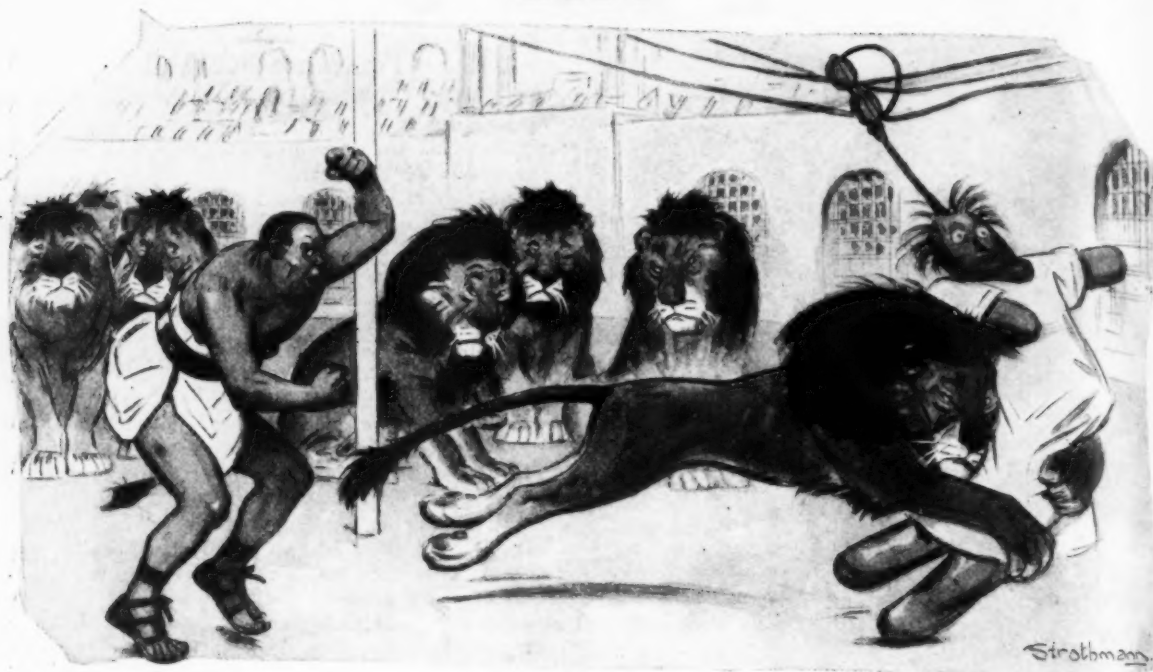


It's a Brutal Sport

"HEAVENS, GERT! WHAT ON earth HAPPENED TO YOU?"
"I WENT TO A FOOTBALL GAME WITH THE CAPTAIN OF THE WRESTLING TEAM."



The Boys of the Deaf and Dumb Institute Give a Regular Cheer



For Old Alma Martyr

The Lions' Coach: GET IN THERE! HARD! PUT YOUR CLAWS IN IT. WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS? A TEA?

What Goes On When the Players Huddle

"NOW listen, you eggs, on the next play...hey, George, did I say you could borrow my other jersey?...blue eyes the size of soup tureens and she's got three cars...like hell, I'll carry the ball—I carried it play before last...shut up, you guys, will you—so the two Irishmen came to a lonely farmhouse...tell 'em the one about the school teacher...the left end runs back, see...yeah, and the last time

I got you a girl, what did you do?...kicked me in the ankle, the big slob...listen, why don't we pull that fake shift?...what fake shift?—that reminds me, this guy comes in a store and says have you got any...not that play, Harry, f'gossakes, that's a...sweet A-do-line—that's sour—sweet...ah, you couldn't carry the ball if it had a handle on it...here's a good one, Joe gives it to Ed and Ed gives it to Harry and Harry

—what's the matter with it. I just thought it up...well, I'm only one man in eleven, but if you ask me...oh, baby, can she neck?...tackle low, it's the only way...naw, the last time we tried that, I strained my back...yeah, and I'm getting pretty tired of holding back your man as well...Vah-len-cia, tum-te-tum...oh, for a shot of gin...forward pass, don't make me laugh...send me a wire if you decide anything...who's the broad with the big bunch of violets?...he certainly does, three hundred a game, told me so himself...for the third and last time, George, will you carry the ball?...Ah, hell, let's kick!"

(The fullback goes around right end for two yards.)

Henry William Hanemann.



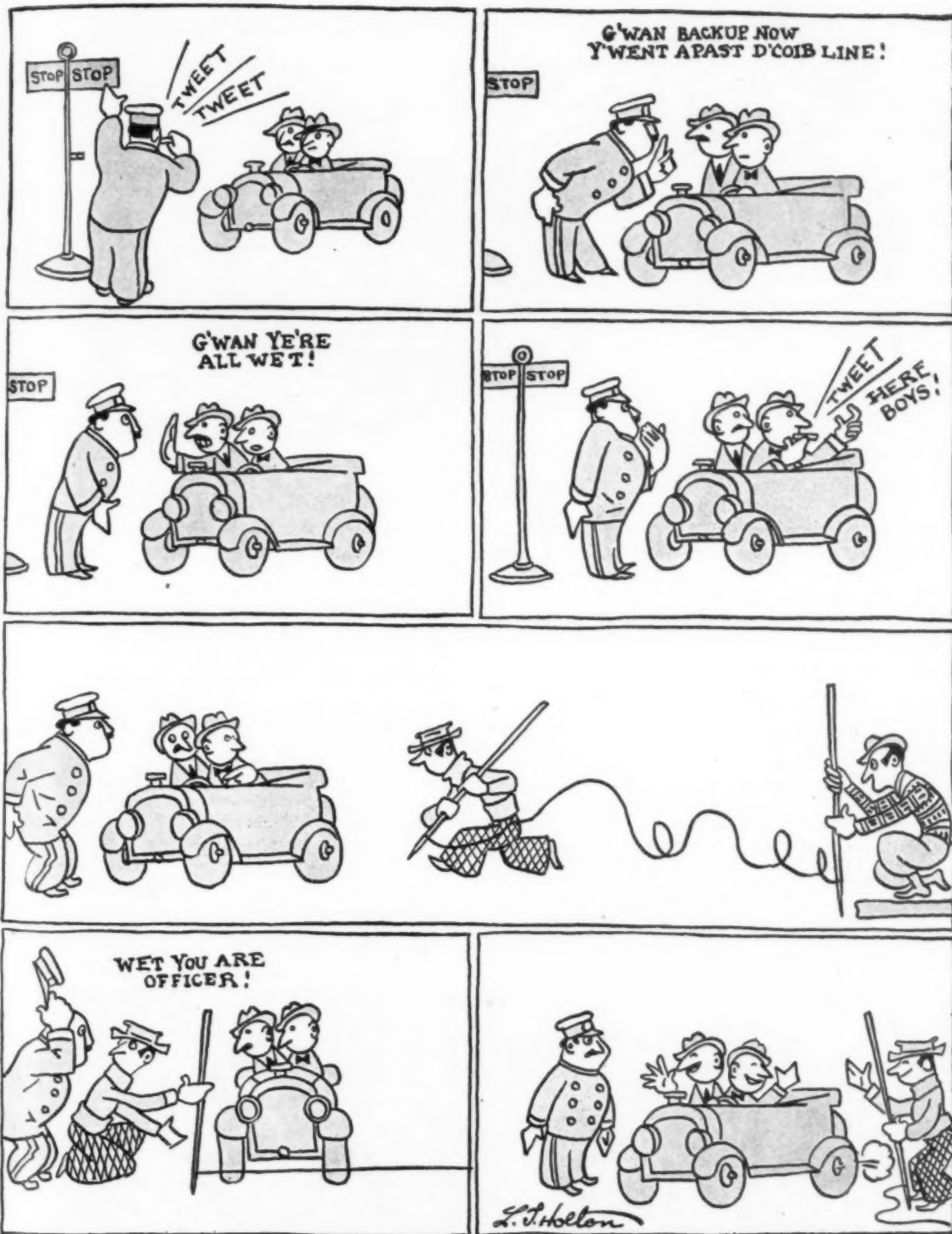
"AIN'T THE WIMMEN A RIOT, FERD, THE WAY THEY FALL FOR A FOOTBALL SUIT?"

Flowers, Taxies, Etc.

BLINK (sadly): Well, Hattie has broken our engagement. I guess I'm done for.

BLANK: For just how much?

WHEN better movies are made nobody will go to see them.



An Off-Season Occupation for the Linesmen



Signals

Quarterback: 47-28-16-3-10-80.

Girl: OH, JACK—WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

Jack: THAT MEANS "CARRY IT OVER, FOR GOD'S SAKE—REMEMBER THERE'S SIX BIG LEAGUE SCOUTS WATCHING US!"

Touchdown

I TOOK her to the game...
Well, I was young and then, somehow,
I may have been in love and not to blame,
For she was beautiful, but all the same,
I would not do it now.

I bought her roses red...
I hired a car to take her there;
Her little shoes were not designed to tread
Upon the frozen ground. I also fed
Her on expensive fare.

These things I did and more
And, in the folly of my teens,
I trusted blindly in the final score
By all the omens destined to restore
My wealth to empty jeans.

The play began; her eyes
Looked down upon the frantic fray
With such a knowing look I thought her wise
Beyond her sex, and thrilled with proud surprise
To think she grasped the play.

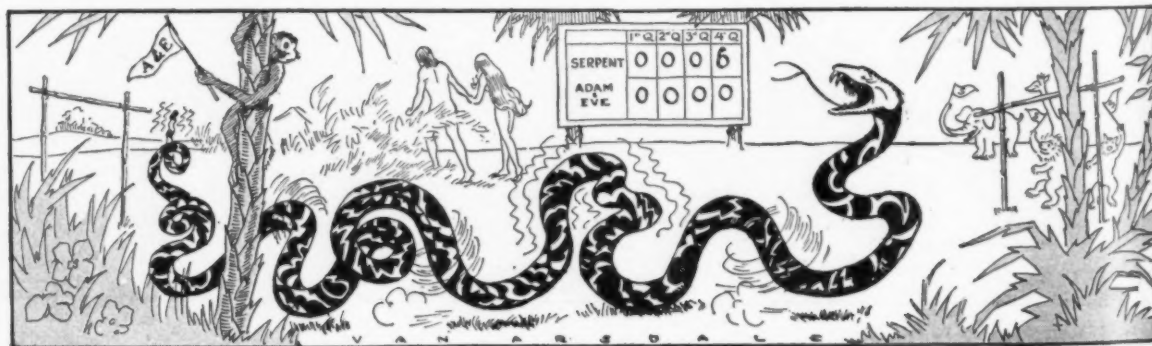
Two quarters and a third...
A zero stood on either score.
She sat in quivering suspense; nor stirred,
Nor spoke one mad, misunderstanding word
As girls had done before.

Still scoreless ran the last,
Till but a minute stood to play,
When suddenly, too sickeningly fast
To see or understand, a man flashed past,
Stopped, dodged and broke away.

"Stop him!" A futile cry.
He crossed the line and hope was dead.
I wept. Pride, wealth and joy had passed me by...
"They've won," I sobbed, and turned for sympathy;
She smiled. "Which side?" she said.

Roger Burlingame.

"HELLO, old man. Join me in a bite to eat?"
"No, thanks. I just had a little lunch for breakfast at a supper-club."



The First Snake Dance After a Victory

Life



Lines

NOW that the paintings from the Louvre have arrived in Philadelphia, it is quite generally expected that the Sesquicentennial will presently get under way.

There's one thing to be said for the Sesquicentennial: it has certainly resisted the temptation to turn professional.

"WANTED—GIRL TO CARE FOR office who will accept osteopathic treatment as pay. Write L-570, Register and Tribune."

—Des Moines (Iowa) Evening Tribune.
Or—why girls leave homeopaths.

We hear that there is a record grape crop in the Ozarks. How these mountaineers love their jelly!

Exploration in the Arabian Desert has revealed the spot where MOSES struck water from the rock. The property, we assume, will be improved with a thoroughly equipped, up-to-date filling station.

There is a tremendous surplus of cotton in the South—a condition which has prevailed ever since Mammy song writers discovered that the stuff would rhyme with "forgotten."

"The regular Winters fire department was on the scene with surprising alacrity, arriving before the fire was out."—Woodland (Cal.) Democrat.

Local Laddies Set Record!

Dr. W. D. COOLIDGE of the General Electric Company announces the discovery of the cathode ray, the most powerful known to science, which in an experiment disintegrated the body of a mouse in one second. Until we get additional data, however, we shall retain the services of the family cat.

We hear that there is no English equivalent of the Italian name, "BENITO." Rendered into American, however, it means, "Wham! I reads seven!"



IF BASEBALL FANS THROW POP BOTTLES AT THE UMPIRE, WHY SHOULDN'T FOOTBALL FANS THROW THEIR FLASKS AT THE REFEREE?

Ask Dad

(Contents of the Pockets of a Father Who Laughs at the Things His Young Boys Carry Around)

ONE pound of miscellaneous old papers, including two meaningless last year's golf scores, several old bills, a letter received from Cousin Joshua eleven months ago which Dad has always been figuring on answering, about one peck of old envelopes, and this and that.

Two pocket pieces supposed to bring luck.

Assortment of toothpicks, matches and pencil stubs.

Handsome bill fold containing a dollar bill, fourteen cents in change and seven out-of-date lodge cards.

Ten cents' worth of postage stamps irretrievably glued together.

Three soiled handkerchiefs.

Bank book showing account overdrawn.

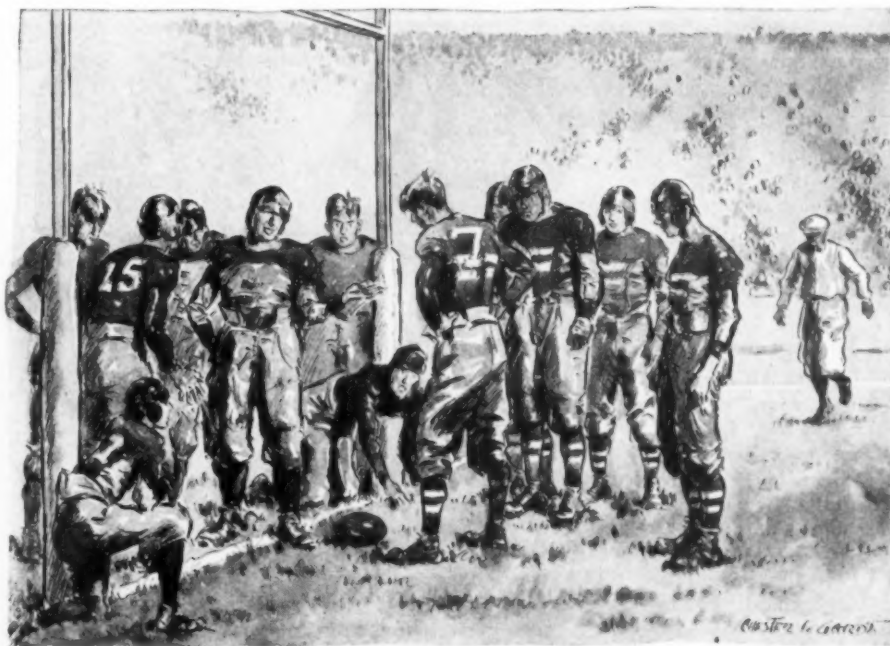
Key ring containing eighteen assorted keys of which Dad knows the use of just three—the key to his car, the key to the garage and the key to the house.

Frank H. Williams.

Likely Guess

"HAVE you heard this new jazz version of the funeral march of Chopin?"

"No—but I suppose it's called 'Hearses, Hearses, Hearses.'"



Defending Captain (a golf bug): IT'S ALL RIGHT, BOYS, CALL IT A TOUCHDOWN—WE'LL CONCEDE YOU THIS ONE.

Football Fan's Glossary

KICKOFF (*v. i.*). To kick off—the prevailing desire of all adherents to the losing side directly after the game.

FIRST DOWN (*n.*). The first drink out of a flask.

THIRD DOWN (*n.*). The last drink out of a half-pint flask.

FAIR CATCH (*n. fem.*). The girl any friend of yours happens to bring to the game.

QUARTER BACK (*n.*). Where your seats look to be on the diagram.

BACK (*n.*). Where they are.

FORWARD (*adj.*). The attitude of your old classmates toward your girl.

LAST QUARTER (*n.*). What you spend on the taxi going home.

PLACE KICKS (*n.*). Side remarks made to the usher concerning location of your seats.

RIGHT END (*n.*). The side the other fellow bet on.

SAFETY (*n.*). Situation of players as compared with that of spectators in the homeward scramble.

GOAL (*n.*). As far as you are concerned, home and fireside.

PASS (*n.*). What you are tempted to make at that big zob sitting in front of you, but don't.

GRAND STAND (*n.*). What your side makes in the final moments of a "moral victory."

FIVE TO GO (*idiom*). Quaint remark made by taxi chauffeurs when asked price of half-mile trip to field.

WINNER (*n.*). Usually some little dump nobody ever heard of.

LOSER (*n.*). Usually one of the BIG Three.

Tip Bliss.

Playground

GENT: Ah, my little man, and so you play football. Where do you play, in the backfield?

KID: Naw, over in the muni-cipal park.

WHAT a huge joke it would be on this country if the Queen of Rumania turned out to be Lon Chaney!

The Reward of Fame



Yesterday

A POSITION ON WALTER CAMP'S ALL-AMERICAN TEAM.



To-day

CONTRACTS FOR PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL, CONTRACTS FOR VAUDEVILLE TOURS, CONTRACTS FOR ENDORSING "PEPPO TONIC," CONTRACTS FOR STARDOM IN THE MOVIES AND INVITATIONS TO JUDGE ATLANTIC CITY BEAUTY CONTESTS.

Record of a Future Champion

1939

BEAT Joe Bosky, K. O., 3 rounds.

Beat Frank Bollick, K. O., 2 rounds.

Beat Harry Klump, K. O., 2 rounds.

Wrote "A Short History of the Wars of the Roses." 2 vols.

1940

Beat Bob Zeff, 10 rounds.

Beat Sam Stibbles, K. O., 3 rounds.

Beat Jake Vischer, K. O., 2 rounds.

Beat Joe Karp, K. O., 1 round.

Wrote "The Function of the Clown in Shakespeare's Plays." 1 vol.

1941

Beat Battling Levine, K. O., 1 round.

Beat Jack Haddick, K. O., 1 round.

Wrote "Highways and Byways of Old Thessaly" (with Jack Haddick). 1 vol.

1942

Wrote "A Short History of the Wars of the Roses" (Revised and Enlarged). 3 vols.

Wrote "The Political Consequences of the Punic Wars." 1 vol.

Beat Allan Trevor Morss, K. O., 7 rounds. (Won Heavyweight Championship of the World.)

Tupper Greenwald.

An Alarming Symptom

"I'M worried about my daughter."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"I don't know; but we bought her a yellow slicker to wear to high school and she hasn't drawn any pictures on it."

THE on-side kick, once popular in football, has been transferred to the Charles-ton.

Hope Springs

SEPT. 6, 1926. "If the husky bunch of candidates who appeared for the first day's workout at Sol B. Levy Memorial Field are any criterion, the coming football season will find Old Bleasburg with the strongest aggregation in years. Although he has only four of last year's veterans left, Coach Murgle has enough promising material on hand to insure that last year's chief weaknesses—lack of aggressiveness, fumbles at critical periods, inability to break up the forward pass, and a weak line—will be corrected in this year's squad. Coach Murgle also is developing a fast plunging backfield, a good punter, and a consistent forward-pass attack, all of which were sorely missed last year."

Oct. 10 "...Although Bleasburg was defeated by thirty-six points, she was by no means disgraced. The chief weaknesses of this year's aggregation, as revealed in yesterday's game, were inability to use the forward pass, lack of backfield strength, and fumbling at critical periods. However, this workout was what the boys needed, and their followers will see a vastly improved team in their remaining games."



Nubbville Spark

LAFE TEWKINS, OUR LOCAL ICE-MAN, IS PLAYIN' HIS WAY THROUGH COLLEGE ON THE FOOTBALL TEAM

Oct. 29. "...Despite Bleasburg's third successive defeat, her followers are by no means disheartened. Coach Murgle will drill the team hard this week in an attempt to break up the forward-pass attack which netted thirty-five of their opponents' sixty-three points, and he predicts a real reversal of form in their remaining games."

Nov. 13. "...And the moleskinned warriors of Old Bleasburg were nosed out to the tune of 75-0. The team's chief defect—lack of aggressiveness—again showed in their work throughout the game. Coach Murgle will work his charges hard this week, and although the team has yet to make a first down, they promise to break into the winning column at the expense of their ancient rival, Fritchie, in the season's final game."

Nov. 20. "Final Score: Fritchie, 96; Bleasburg, 0."

Sept. 5, 1927. "If the husky bunch of candi-



Alne Harvey

Playing Safe

She: NO—MY MOTHER OBJECTS TO KISSING.
He: BUT I DIDN'T ASK TO KISS YOUR MOTHER.



He: I JUST HEARD A RUMOR THAT BIFF HAWKINS MADE A TOUCHDOWN FOR US.

She: SWELL! LET'S SEND HIM AN APPLAUSE CARD.

dates who appeared for the first day's workout at Sol B. Levy Memorial Field are any criterion, the coming season will find Old Bleasburg with the strongest aggregation in years," etc., etc.

L. C. Beutel.

Rivals

"THEY say a psychiatrist is crazy about her."

"Yes, and there's an entomologist who is bugs over her, too."

WHEN the next war comes Chicago won't notice it.



Evidently

Jim: I HEAR THAT YOU KISSED TEN BOYS AT THE PARTY LAST NIGHT.

Josephine: YES, TEN—ALL TOLD.

The Perplexed Hearts Editor Goes Crazy

YES, Bright Eyes, I do consider a girl of thirteen too young to be married to a sailor never throw plates at your dear grandmother because it is distinctly unlady-like and I'm almost sure, Curly Locks, that your reputation would suffer if you went to Albany with your gentleman friend there should be no trouble finding a companionable Bulgarian boy of your own age who likes ice skating, taffy pulling and all other sports whenever you feel you must park your gum, Annie B., just excuse yourself and retire behind a tree I hardly know what to advise, Laddy Boy, but perhaps she's deaf and dumb and doesn't understand what you're driving at but remember mother is the best friend you have avoid the fatal, first step, Hotsy Totsy, you'll never be happy as the wife of an already married man perhaps after she gets to know him better your aunt won't object to your gentleman friend's chewing tobacco at the table ask him in by all means, Dora, no really nice girl ever does such things in a public park don't worry and send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope, Troubled Tessie, yes if he threw you out of his machine he should at least give you carfare home.

Robert Lord.

Fairy Story

ONCE upon a time there was an editorial writer who never mentioned what football coaches were paid in comparison with professors.

Inventory

FOUR be the things I am wiser to know:
Idleness, sorrow, a friend, and 'a foe.

Four be the things I'd been better without:
Love, curiosity, freckles, and doubt.

Three be the things I shall never attain:
Envy, content, and sufficient champagne.

Three be the things I shall have till I die:
Laughter and hope and a sock in the eye.

Dorothy Parker.

The Mythical Pair

THEY are reached through the entrance nearest the parking place.

They are in the exact center of the field.

They are on the fashionable side.

They permit the holders to see.

They permit the holders to be seen.

They are near an exit.

They are directly in front of and obscure the view of one's dearest enemies.

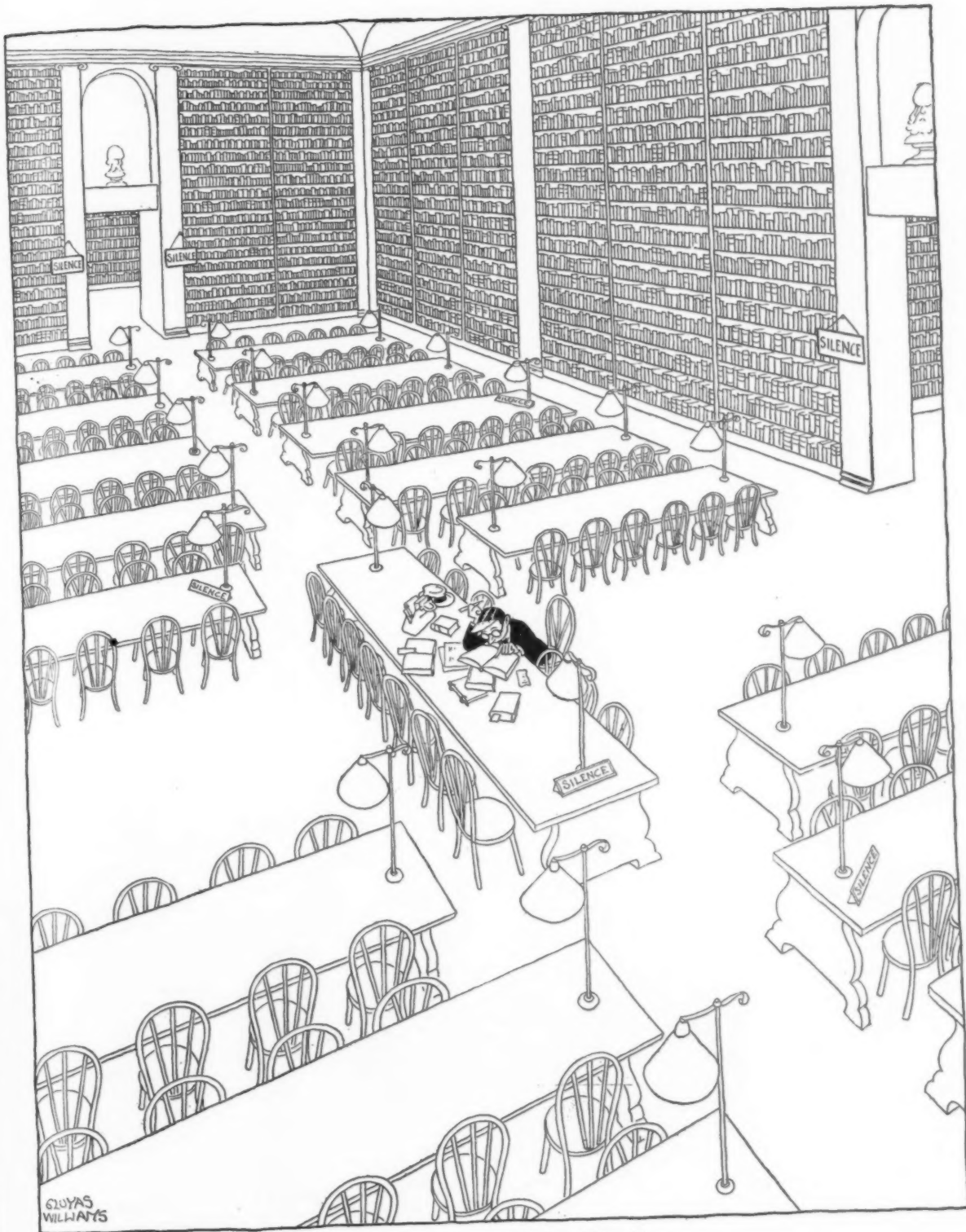
They have been bought long ago at box-office prices. They make every onlooker certain that the holders are distinguished people.

They are the other couple's football seats.

McCready Huston.



"HEABEN HELP YOU, BIG BOY, WIV DAT NUMBAH! EV'RY ONE O' DEM CRAP-SHOOTIN' NIGGAHS'LL BE TRYIN' TUH THROW YOU."



The Afternoon of the Big Game



The Terrible Influence of the Huddle System

Mrs. Pep's Diary

October 20th The public prints full of news about the Queen of Rumania, in whose doings I might be able to take more interest had I not once read a novel which she wrote, authorship being as good a medium for showing up a queen as for showing up an enemy. To the shops this morning, being needful of many articles for our new quarters, and driving thither I did marvel again at the wide discrepancy between the appearance of the driver and the photograph which the law requires him to post within his cab, it being almost incredible that so unkempt-looking a creature could ever have been groomed even to the moderate extent which the picture manifested. Greatly irritated by the salespeople's inability to say whether the articles I purchased would reach me by a certain hour on the morrow, I did try to compose myself by the reflection that our ancestors had to wait weeks for even news and mail, and yet, on the other hand, it did take me a half-hour last Tuesday to go in a cab from our house to Douglas Elliman's office, a distance of but three squares, which does not sound like so

much of an improvement on stage-coach records.... Emmy Anders in for tea, and she told me how a woman had jumped into the sea from the *Homeric* last week fully clothed and wearing white gloves, and we agreed that she must have been reading "Hedda Gabler." I have it from Emmy, too, that poor Jim Mitchell has been released from the institution to which he was remanded for alcoholism, but I shall take no chances on getting too near him with a lighted match until I have adequate proof of his renunciation. Sam home early, bringing with him Maity Banks, who was so upset for

(Continued on page 31)



"HUM IT TO THEM, HARRY, SO THEY CAN PLAY IT."

A Stranger in New York

THE ground is full of subway,
The air is full of El,
The streets are full of taxicab,
And I don't feel so well.

W. T.

How to Get a Turtle into the Soup

HAVE amusements of turtle censored. Turtle will think life not worth living. Rush to fish market. Inform turtle soup is opportunity for service. Turtle will be sold on idea. Offer self.

Turn advertisement writers loose on turtle. Turtle will read ads. Be fooled. Think soup blessed state.

Throw pictures of soup on silver screen. Release to turtle. Turtle will be intrigued. Will leap for pan.

Read pessimistic philosophers to turtle. Turtle will be discouraged. Think soup inevitable. Accept fate.

Engage good comedian. Comedian will ridicule turtle. Make mock turtle soup.

W. W. Scott.

Experience

"DO you believe in a hell on earth?"
"Sure. I put on an amateur play once!"

Upsets

THUS far, the football season of 1926 has been one of upsets. Nothing has turned out according to the dope. Therefore, in its remaining weeks, we predict the following startling deviations from form:

1. It will not rain on the day of the Big Game.
2. We shall have no more than a dozen requests for "a couple of seats."
3. Our own seats will be, not in the wooden stands behind the scoreboard, but out in full view of the field. (We have to laugh even when writing this in fun.)
4. There will not be an intoxicated man in a rhinoceros coat directly in front of us who jumps up at the sound of the whistle.
5. There will not be a small man with a 13½ collar behind us who has ideas on how the team should be run.
6. The game will not have started while we are milling around in the crowd at the gate.
7. Nobody will fall down the steps.
8. Holding tickets for two seats, we shall find that there is space left in which two people can sit without being married to each other.
9. We shall not be too hot above the waist and too cold below.
10. Harvard will win and we shall see ten dollars of Donald Ogden Stewart's money.

Robert Benchley.

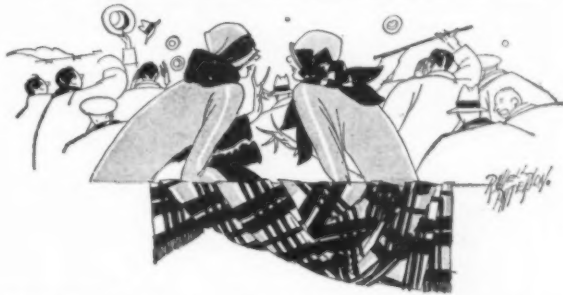
Handicapped

"WHO was the unluckiest woman in the world?"

"Eve. She couldn't throw up to Adam the better men she had known."

THE only formal calls made nowadays are those made by the installment man.

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"THERE come the PRINCEtons, my dear! Haven't they the most MARvelous PHYSICS you've ever SEEN? I mean I ACTually think they're SIMPLY adorable-looking because they look like Greek GODS or something. HONestly, my dear, I'm so exCITED I can't SEE straight because I mean I KNOW two perfly SWEET boys on the team this year who are ACTually the MOST adorable things you've ever KNOWN because they're so kind of MODEST about being on the TEAM which is ACTually a terrIFic honor and everything. My HEAVENS! Did you EVER hear such a POISONous UProar? The YALES must be coming on the field! LOOK, my dear—it IS the YALES! HONestly, I can't BEAR it because I mean they look so kind of ROUGH and everything and I HONestly think they are ACTually half proFESSIONals or something because I mean I don't know a SINGLE man on the TEAM this year, my dear, and anyways, I don't care if they're NOT proFESSIONals because I mean I ACTually don't think they look like GENTlemen or anything because they are kind of ROUGH-

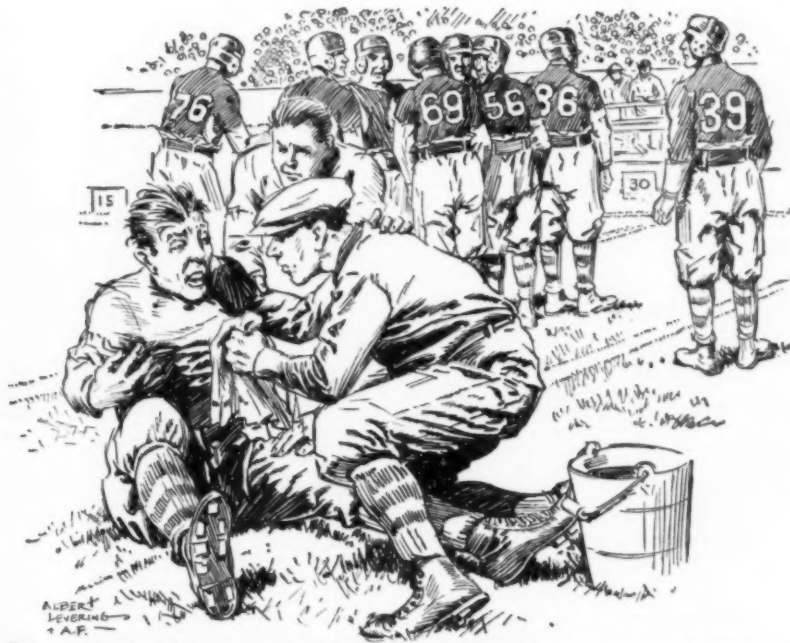
looking. Your BROTHER! Well, HONestly, my dear, how on EARTH could you EXPECT me to KNOW he was on the YALES? I mean I think he's SIMPLY diVINE-looking and of COURSE I'm only saying what I HEARD about the YALES, my dear, which is prob'ly just obNOXious GOSSIP or something and I mean I'm FRIGHTfully sorry about it because I ACTually thought your BROTHER went to HARvard! ANYways, this is ACTually the FIRST time I've seen the YALES and I mean I HONestly think they have just as fine PHYSICS and everything as the PRINCEtons and prob'ly they are REALLY just as much GENTlemen. I mean I think they ACTually ARE!"

Lloyd Mayer.

Royal Marks

GIFF: Why don't you brush your clothes? You're all spattered with mud.

GAFF (proudly): Never! That mud is from Queen Marie's car!



Player (coming to): I GOT HIS NUMBER, ALL RIGHT, BUT I COULDN'T TELL IF IT WAS AN ILLINOIS OR A NEW JERSEY LICENSE.



The Gay Nineties

PESTERED PILOTS OF THE PRESENT CAN BLAME THIS PIONEER PERIOD FOR PROPAGATING THAT POISONOUS PESSIMIST OF THE JOY RIDE—THE BACK-SEAT DRIVER.

Comments of a Phlegmatic Man at a Football Game

"NOT a bad kick. H'm, they made ten yards that time. Five yards more. Another five. You'd think they'd get onto that play pretty soon.

"Foolish to fumble like that. That lost them the ball. Well, wonder what our side will do. They lost three yards. Off-side. They ought to show a little pep. They don't hit the line low enough, either.

"Guess that kick went about sixty-five yards. Not bad. They'd better hold 'em now if they don't want to be scored on. Five-yard gain. Too bad. Ten yards more. This doesn't look as if we're going to win. Fifteen yards that time. They're on the twenty-yard line now. Getting pretty near the goal.

"They'd better stop that halfback. He'll make a

touchdown next thing. Why can't they get that man? Letting him make ten more. Ten-yard line now. Better hold 'em. Hold 'em! Hold 'em!! HOLD 'EM!!!

"Get down there now and SMEAR that! GET THAT GUY! THAT'S STOPPING HIM! Third down, four to go! HOLD 'EM! YAAAAAY! Fourth down, three to go! Tighten up there, TIGHTEN UP! LOOK OUT! GET HIM! HOORAY! OUR BALL!

"NOW LET'S GO!!!"

John C. Emery.

"I HAVEN'T had a drink in six months."

"Well, you're not missing much. It hasn't improved a bit."

As One Fan to Another

WELL, old timer, I may be giving you an insight into my disorderly youth, but I must admit that a football game to-day, with all the boys going into those huddles, reminds me of nothing so much as the way the bunch used to gather around in a little barroom group to hear the latest hot one from the visiting whisky salesman.

Still, it's a great system, the huddle. Anything that can break down Harvard reserve to such an extent that players will put their arms around the shoulders of teammates they have known a mere four years must be made of stern stuff. What held back its adoption at Cambridge so long, I figure, was not that it wasn't good football, but that it bred so much unnatural familiarity.

Of course, Princeton has been huddling for a couple of years now, but you and I know those Tigers never have been what you might call clubby. They've always thought football was a game instead of a tradition. They're the modernists of Eastern gridirons; and Yale and Harvard have been the Fundamentalists.

Football people tell me Tad Jones is going in for deception in the Yale attack this season—just as if this was something new. Why, in the Harvard and Princeton games for years and years, when the Blue got inside the foe's ten-yard line, it was practically impossible to tell whether the fullback was going to plunge on the right side of center, or the left. So the opposing secondary used to mass itself behind both guards, the old meanies. What can a man do in the face of such skepticism?

What I'd like to know, though, is what happens when Harvard goes into one of those huddles. Does the quarterback introduce the players to each other—you know, "Mr. Saltonstall, may I present Mr. Zarakov? He's planning to spend a few minutes going around your end, and I'd appreciate your doing anything you can for him, there's a good fellow." Or does the captain do it? It's a big question.

I have my doubts about this huddle thing on that one



"YES, sir! I'M GOING TO GET THE GAME ON THE LITTLE OLD RADIO, PLAY BY PLAY, BETTER THAN YOU COULD SEE IT, WITH THE SINGING AND CHEERING-THROWN IN BUT WITHOUT THE DISCOMFORT OF THE CROWDS, THE LONG TRIP TO COLLEGE, AND SITTING IN THE COLD ALL AFTERNOON."
"I COULDN'T GET TICKETS EITHER."

score. It may be good football, but it's going to raise Cain with the social niceties among the Big Three.

James Kevin McGuinness.

No Show

FLAPPER: Ma, is it windy out?
MOTHER: No, it's perfectly still.
FLAPPER: Then I'll not roll my stockings to-day.



Mrs. Ostrich (to son): THAT DARN BILL COLLECTOR IS COMING AGAIN. TELL HIM I'M NOT AT HOME.

The Winner

THE great game was in full progress. Up and down the field went the pigskin. Now we had it, now they had it. The crucial moment was at hand. The slightest slip or misjudgment meant defeat, and this is what passed in front of me:

BEULAH: Is that a new dress, Dora? Oh, I think it's horrible!

DORA: My dress?

BEULAH: No. The game! It's pretty tight, isn't it?

DORA: The game?

BEULAH: No, the dress!

DORA: I don't think so! I don't see how the boys can stand it!

BEULAH: The dress?

DORA: No. The game! It must leave them awfully weak.

BEULAH: The game?

DORA: No. The dress!

BEULAH: Well, if you ask me, I guess it does knock them for a loop!

DORA: The dress?

BEULAH: Yes!

Carroll Carroll.



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*R. E. SHERWOOD, *Editor*CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*F. D. CASEY, *Art Editor*LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*

per's about Liquor in the Schools, says that his young friends and charges at Phillips Academy seem not more bibulous since the Eighteenth Amendment than formerly, but rather less so. He has inquired at other schools and colleges and reports from most of them that the consumption of alcohol by pupils has appreciably declined since 1918, which certainly is good news if true. All the same, Phillips-Andover was a fairly dry school fifty years ago, and the most that Dr. Stearns seems to make out is that schoolboys are not much wetter now than they were before Volstead was born.

Let us allow him that and be thankful if we can. He goes on to declare in a burst of dry declamation that youth (which he keeps under close observation) is of opinion that money paid to bootleggers "is a direct contribution to the efforts of those who are deliberately undermining the foundations of our government and sapping its heart's blood." But is youth really of that opinion, or is it Dr. Stearns's own personal view which he has imputed to youth because youth cannot make effective objection? In evidence that youth thinks as he says, Dr. Stearns cites a boy's essay that got the prize in a competition.

Who is it that is "deliberately undermining the foundations of our government"? Is it the bootleggers and their patrons, or the embattled

P R I N - C I P A L
 Stearns of Andover, writing in the November *Har-*

pers and the Methodist Board of Morals? Who did more damage to the foundations of our government, the people who got the Eighteenth Amendment into the Constitution and gave us Volstead, or the bootleggers and their customers? Please encourage your young men to exercise their faculties in debate on that subject, Dr. Stearns. The discussion will involve much more than the expediency or otherwise of alcoholic drinks. It will include the philosophy of government, the principles of the Christian Religion, the duty of obedience to law and also the duty of resistance to law. It is not an easy subject; not at all. There is a lot to it and it has all got to be thrashed out before it is settled. The Eighteenth Amendment and Volstead have settled nothing. They are the greatest unsettlers of the time, for they have left millions of people uncertain as to what is right and what is wrong, and groping towards some solution. Exercise your boys on this subject, Dr. Stearns. It is worth their while. Merely to pin your opinions on them will do no good. Encourage them to discover what the Constitution was really meant to do, and what was really the effect of putting the Eighteenth Amendment into it.



T H E suggestion of many eminent bankers and industrial magnates from many countries that Europe needs free trade was received with instant tremors of apprehension by Mr. Coolidge and the watchful guardians of our still infant industries. They were afraid it would be

recommended to the United States also. So it may, some day, when the farmers see the light, but not yet. Prosperity here must run its course first.

But as for Europe, what the fiscal sages recommend is just common sense. Any one can see with half an eye that Europe needs what we have got, an unrestricted continental market. For economic purposes there must be something like a United States of Europe. Frontiers and custom-houses must fade out of that continent before it can prosper as it should. That seems in a large way self-evident, but how long it will take Europe to accept the suggestion, Heaven knows. People, however, who can arrange to continue in this life for ten years to come should see the beginnings, at least, of fundamental improvements in this world.

S P O R T is now raging agreeably. Football is prevalent and lively. The swimming season is happily over (unless it breaks out at Palm Beach), and the Queen of Rumania has been able up to this time of writing to survive the fatigues of inspecting the United States and receiving its inhabitants. Queen Marie—saints protect her!—is a hardy woman, but she is not trained for football and should not allow her visit to be made too much of a scrimmage.



T H E Y put the flag at Sing Sing at half-mast the other day for Thomas Mott Osborne, the Prisoner's Friend.

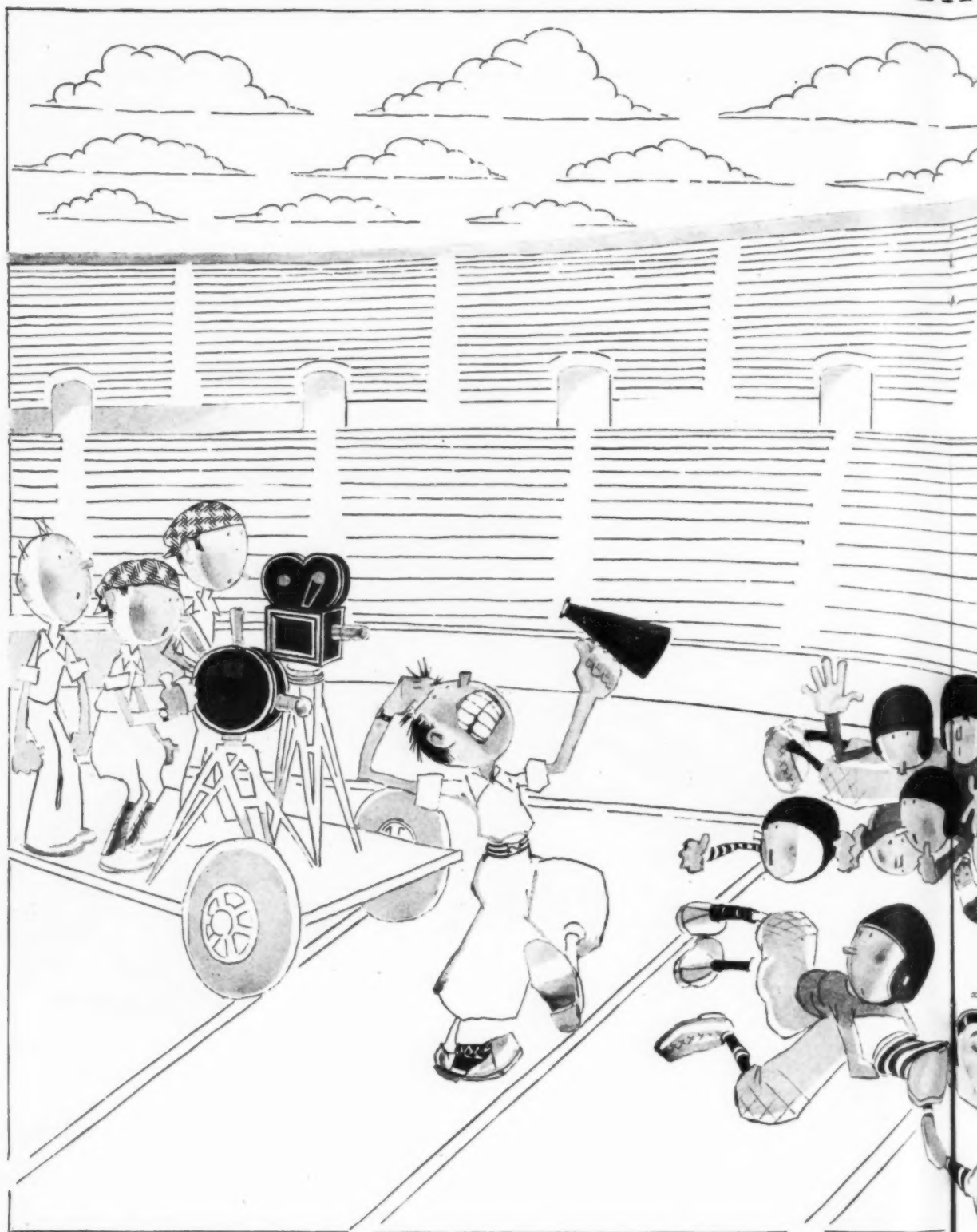
After his young wife died, thirty years ago, Mr. Osborne seemed to consider what to do with the rest of his life and eventually devoted it to prisons and convicts.

Hardly any department of our apparatus of civilization is subject to so much neglect and so great abuses as the care of convicts, or needs so constantly to enlist the humanity of disinterested helpers. In the field that he chose Mr. Osborne, by his devotion and the publicity he could command, accomplished remarkable things and will be long remembered and honored for what he did and what he was.

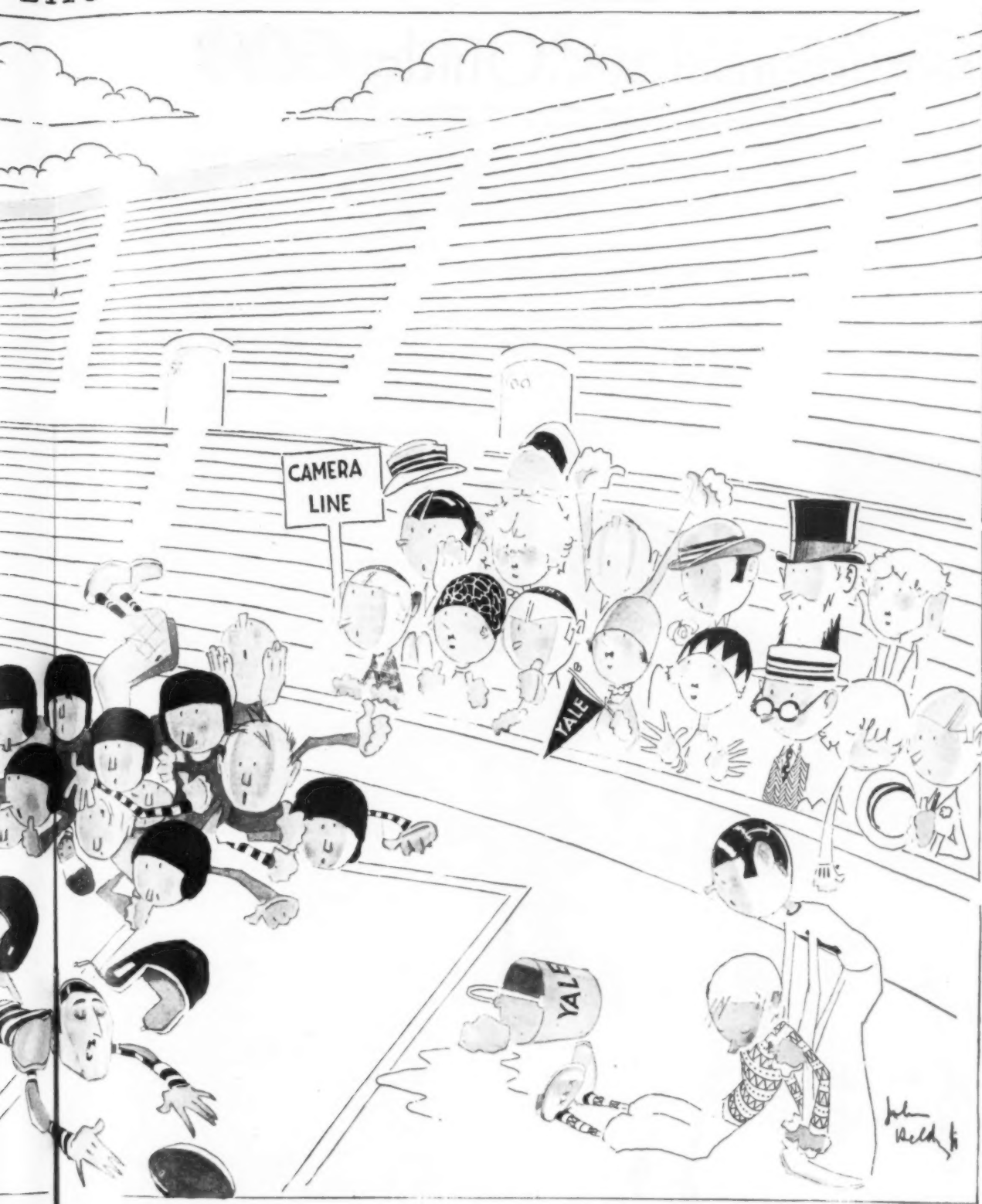
E. S. Martin.



"It never touched me."



The Man Who Tackled the St



led the Star of the Football Movie

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

An American Tragedy. *Longacre*—Ten pounds of Dreiser in pound lots. Cheap and very popular.

Autumn Fire. *Klaw*—Imported Irish play. To be reviewed next week.

Black Boy. *Comedy*—The experience of being in the same room with Paul Robeson is worth much more than the play. It is the story of a colored prizefighter.

Caponsacchi. *Hampden's*—Based on Brown- ing's "The Ring and the Book." To be reviewed next week.

The Captive. *Empire*—A highly effective drama for the sophisticated and unsophisticated alike. Helen Menken and Basil Rathbone head the cast.

Civic Repertory Theatre. (14th St.)—Eva Le Gallienne's company in "John Gabriel Borkman" Tuesday night.

Deep River. *Imperial*—An American opera with old New Orleans as a background. Some lovely music and some dull moments.

The Donovan Affair. *Fulton*—If you still like to see a dozen dinner guests gilled in the matter of the stabbing of one of their number, here it is again.

The House of Usher. *Mayfair*—Good enough.

The Humble. *Greenwich Village*—With Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis. To be reviewed next week.

The Jeweled Tree. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Elaborate ennui.

Juarez and Maximilian. *Guild*—A beautifully staged story of an emperor who was too kind.

Just Life. *Morisco*—A great deal of thought must go into picking out terrible plays for Marjorie Rambeau.

The Ladder. *Mansfield*—To be reviewed next week.

Loose Ends. *Ritz*—With Dion Titheradge and Violet Heming. To be reviewed later.

Lulu Belle. *Belasco*—The road to destruction as traveled in high spirits by a colored cocotte. Lenore Ulric and Henry Hull.

The Noose. *Hudson*—Old-fashioned doings around the Governor's pardon factory.

The Pearl of Great Price. *Century*—With Effie Shannon, Amelia Bingham, Julia Hoyt, and others. To be reviewed later.

Seed of the Brute. *Little*—With Robert Ames and Doris Rankin. To be reviewed later.

Sex. *Daly's*—You'd be surprised how un- exciting this is.

The Shanghai Gesture. *Forty-Sixth St.*—Professional performance of the oldest profession in the world, with Florence Reed as Nemesis.

The Woman Disputed. *Forrest*—Ann Harding and Lowell Sherman in a war play involving a Woman's Honor and considerable shooting.

Yellow. *National*—Moderate melodrama.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—A little nephew of ours, born the month this opened, has just entered school. Dear, dear, how time flies.

Broadway. *Broadhurst*—Behind the scenes of a night club turned into the locale of the season's most interesting play.

Daisy Mayme. *Playhouse*—Reviewed in this issue.

Fanny. *Lyceum*—Fannie Brice comical in the wrong play.

Gentle Grafters. *Music Box*—To be reviewed next week.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. *Times Square*—The book on the stage, with June Walker, Edna Hibbard and G. P. Huntley in character.

God Loves Us. *Maxine Elliott's*—Reviewed in this issue.

Henry—Behave! *Bayes*—John Cumberland in a mild comedy.

If I Was Rich. *Eltinge*—Joe Laurie, Jr., making a regulation middle-class story better.

The Judge's Husband. *Forty-Ninth St.*—William Hodge doing his stuff.

The Lion Tamer. *Neighborhood*—French satire with some delicate sex scenes. Alternating with "The Little Clay Cart."

The Little Spitfire. *Cort*—Nossey-wosey.

Loose Ankles. *Billmore*—Some entertaining sidelights on why women rent dancing partners.

On Approval. *Gaiety*—Reviewed in this issue.

Sure Fire! *Waldorf*—Good trick comedy.

They All Want Something. *Wallack's*—Not the best thing Mr. Tilden ever did.

We Americans. *Harris*—Well-done slice of East Side life.

What Every Woman Knows. *Bijou*—Helen Hayes doing Barrie proud.

White Wings. *Booth*—Reviewed in this issue.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Americana. *Belmont*—A small revue which makes sense. Roy Atwell and Lew Brice.

Castles in the Air. *Selwyn*—Well done but why? Vivienne Segal and Bernard Granville.

Countess Maritza. *Shubert*—Viennese score of merit, with Yvonne D'Arle and George Hassell.

Criss-Cross. *Globe*—That Fred Stone show. You know.

The Girl Friend. *Vanderbilt*—Still going with Puck and White.

Honeymoon Lane. *Knickerbocker*—Eddie Dowling in the customary fare.

Iolanthe. *Plymouth*—There is always this, of course.

Katja. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Regulation.

Naughty Riquette. *Cosmopolitan*—Mitzi as Mitzi.

Queen High. *Ambassador*—Nice music and Luella Gear, Frank McIntyre and Charles Ruggles.

Raquel Meller. *Henry Miller's*—Possibly the last week of Spain's gift to Sex Appeal.

The Ramblers. *Lyric*—Clark and McCul- lough at play.

Scandals of 1926. *Apollo*—George White's big show.

Sunny. *New Amsterdam*—It looks as if this Marilyn Miller-Jack Donahue show would never stop—which suits us.

The Vagabond King. *Casino*—For those who like singing.

Vanities of 1926. *Earl Carroll*—Plenty of girls, and also Julius Tannen, Moran and Mack, and Dale and Smith.

The Wild Rose. *Martin Beck*—With William Collier and Joseph Santley. To be reviewed next week.



First Movie Actress: I HEAR THAT WE ARE ALL GOING TO BE PUT
THROUGH AN INTELLIGENCE TEST.
Second Movie Actress: WHAT'S THAT?



Immoderate Enthusiasm

WE will open the meeting this week with the pessimistic observation that, all things being considered, we deserve just about what we get in this life. (*Having said this we rush upstairs to our room, slam the door and refuse to answer questions shouted in at us.*)

This particular outburst is caused by a contemplation of the case of Philip Barry's "White Wings." Here we go on for years, bemoaning the fact that nothing original or distinguished ever seeps into our theatre, and then when something does come along that should make us toss our Alexander Woolcotts into the air and swoon for joy, we sit about and smile condescendingly and murmur: "Very amusing, very amusing—but not, we fear, for popular consumption."

Of course, Mr. Barry made the big mistake of putting his intensely moving story in the form of comedy. It is a rule of literary and dramatic criticism that comedy can never be significant. The best that it can hope for is to be "a genuinely amusing evening in the theatre." The fact that the curtain to the third act of "White Wings" is as thrilling as anything in town, and the last act as poignantly sad, can not combat the fact that the play deals with street-sweepers, speaks the language of satirical burlesque, and has a very funny-looking horse. It *must* be funny and consequently must be dismissed with a smile. And a bundle of hokey like "An American Tragedy," because its hero works his face up into a lather and dies in the end, is Important Drama.

Disregarding the existence of the Pulitzer Prix Committee, we hereby award that crown, such as it is, to "White Wings," a palm apiece to Winifred Lenihan, Tom Powers, William Norris, J. M. Kerrigan, Donald Macdonald and the rest of the cast, and our everlasting thanks and reverence to Winthrop Ames for knowing a grand play when he sees it and having the nerve to produce it in the manner in which it should be produced.



WE should be more excited about "God Loves Us" if it weren't for "White Wings." And we also should be more excited about "God Loves Us" if we hadn't seen "Roger Bloomer," "The Adding Machine," "Processional," "To the Ladies!" "Beggar on Horseback" and all the rest of the pioneer plays from which Mr. McEvoy has molded his own excellent play. Where these others fumbled along through the uncut brush, blazing the trail, Mr. McEvoy has followed with a practically perfected article, aided by the fine direction of Guthrie McClintic. With J. C. Nugent playing the

thwarted clerk, it becomes something that you can't afford to miss. And it might be well if we took the splendid Father-and-Son luncheon, with its booster song for "Paul of Tarsus," as the last word in Babbitt-baiting. That subject is getting pretty well cleaned up... which means that we shall probably have three or four years more of it.



THERE is nothing particularly startling about "On Approval" (unless it is the excessively wrinkled brow of Scotland which is glimpsed through the open door in the second act, suggesting that that section of the Scottish moors had been slept in the night before in an arm-chair), but it is very nice entertainment. Mr. Lonsdale has written with his customary glibness, and has utilized what seems to be an infallible recipe for comedy—the acrimonious hatred of one character for another. The bitter and articulate enmity between Hugh Wakefield and Violet Kemble Cooper (in character, of course) is good for an almost constant laugh. Wallace Eddinger and Kathlen MacDonell are less acid but distinctly valuable. Altogether, very pleasant indeed.



IN "Daisy Mayme," George Kelly has added to his collection of perfect etchings. So light is his stroke in this last one that many will leave the Playhouse content in having seen a giggling spinster who finally got her man. Mr. Kelly has reduced his devastation to practically an undertone. Which makes it, of course, twice as devastating. The pragmatic proposal of marriage which *Daisy Mayme* receives is a masterpiece of implied tragedy. And it seemed to us that Jessie Busley gave the rôle everything that it demanded. Her pugilistic camaraderie, and offensive good-nature, coupled with her scenes of inarticulate strivings at the piano (so perfect that they hurt), marked her as a choice as discriminating for her rôle as Mr. Bartels' was for *Aubrey Piper*.

As usual Mr. Kelly, through his clairvoyant writing and masterly direction, has put an American family complete on the stage. The entire cast, and especially Alma Kruger, Josephine Hull, Carlton Brickert and Frank Rowan, seemed to have been born especially for their rôles. "Daisy Mayme" is not so obvious a masterpiece as "The Show Off" nor so deliberate a bit of craftsmanship as "Craig's Wife," but it none the less marks George Kelly as an apparently omniscient observer of American life.

Robert Benchley.



*He: YOU ARE GETTING TERRIBLY THIN, AREN'T YOU?
She: YES, ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?*

The Test

WHEN it came to showing his mettle, his courage, his loyalty under ordinary conditions, the Great Halfback had never failed. The entire college knew that. He was the soul of faithfulness, the very acme of unwavering devotion to a cause, whatever it might be. But now the supreme test was approaching. Would he acquit himself under its strain as he had acquitted himself in lesser tests? Would the Great Halfback be true to his ideals? Would he show once more the highest type of loyalty that a great and unselfish football player can exhibit? The entire college wondered.

On the next day the rejoicing knew no bounds. The Great Halfback's loyalty had stood the test! He had remained loyal! When the coach left on the morning train to take up a job at the rival college, the Great Halfback went with him.

Parke Cummings.

THE CROWD: We want a touchdown! *We want a touchdown!* **WE WANT A TOUCHDOWN!**
SMALL VOICE: Papa, I want a bag of peanuts.

Ode on a Distant Prospect of a Football Field

(Apologies to Tom Gray, Eton)

YE distant grid of white on green,
Ye twinkling football star,
Oh, how I wonder in my bean
Just who in heck you are.
A number's on your tiny back,
But mud has turned it rather black,
I strain an eagle eye.
But all remains a mystery
To me in Seat 2-90 Z,
'Way back up in the sky.

Who blocked that kick? Who made that run?

Who urged that flying ball?
I will not know till all is done
And "Extras" me enthral.
But to my cold yet uppricked ears
There drifts the sound of far, faint
cheers,

So I, too, yell and rise.
Perhaps the play I cheer amiss,
But still, where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

Fairfax Downey.

Different Inflection

WHEN Edith and Alexander were engaged she said: "I just love to see you smoke that pipe!"

When Edith and Alexander were married she said: "I'd just like to see you smoke that pipe!"

It's a System

"THAT'S a pretty bad cold you have, old man. What are you doing for it?"

"To-day I'm doing what Jones told me to do. It's Simpson's day to-morrow and the next is Brown's. If I'm not better by Sunday, and if I'm still alive, I shall try your remedy. Just write it down on this numbered card, will you?"



THE SKIN HE LOVES TO TOUCH

The Statler Way Will Appeal To You

TYPICAL of the Statler attitude toward guests in these hotels is the fact that when you wake in the morning you find that a morning paper has been slipped noiselessly under your door while you slept.

Typical, too, is the fact that what you buy at our news-stands you buy at the same prices as you'd pay in street stores. Cigars, cigarettes, candy, newspapers, whatever, you aren't charged more for them simply because you're in a hotel. That wouldn't line up with the Statler policy of a square deal.

Those things are mentioned

to make clear the big idea under which these hotels are operated: That the guest is the man we all work for; that he has the rights and privileges of a buyer over a seller; that we promise him, and intend to give him, better values than he can get elsewhere—and

prompt adjustment and

satisfaction any time we may have failed to do so and he tells us of it.

You may like to know that it is a fundamental principle of operation with us to insist that any employee serving you *must* satisfy you in the transaction—or, if he can't do so, *must* turn the matter over to his superior at once.



Emstatler

P. S. The experienced traveler plans his route to bring him to a Statler Hotel for over Sunday.

Rates are unusually low, in comparison with those of other first-class hotels:

Rates are from \$3 in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis, from \$3.50 in Buffalo, and from \$4 in New York. For two people these rooms are \$4.50 in Cleveland and St. Louis, \$5 in Detroit, \$5.50 in Buffalo, and \$6 in New York.

Twin-bed rooms (for two) are from \$5.50 in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis; from \$6.50 in Buffalo, and from \$7 in New York.

And remember that every room in these

houses has its own private bath, circulating ice-water, and many other conveniences that are unusual—such as, for instance, the bed-head reading lamp, the full-length mirror, the morning paper that is delivered to your room before you wake.

In each hotel is a cafeteria, or a lunch-counter, or both—in addition to its other excellent restaurants. Club breakfasts—good club breakfasts—are served in all the hotels.

Boston's Hotel Statler is Building

A new Hotel Statler is under construction in the up-town district of Boston—to be opened late this year, with 1500 rooms, 1500 baths.

And an Office Building: Adjoining the hotel will be the Statler Office Building, with 200,000 square feet of highly desirable officespace. Rental Managers, W. H. Ballard Co., 45 Milk Street, Boston.

STATLER

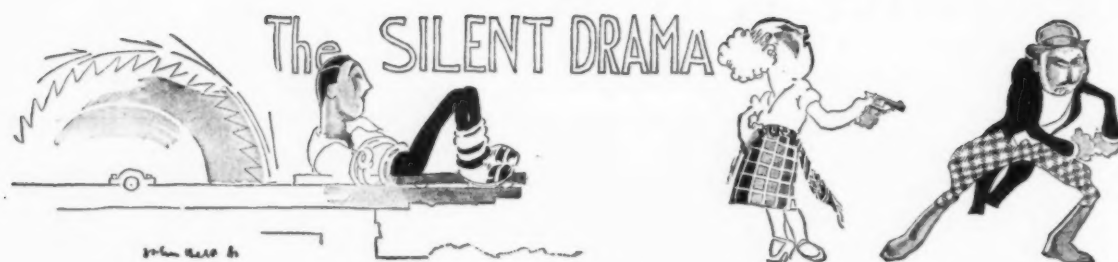
Buffalo~Cleveland~Detroit~St. Louis

HOTELS

Hotel Pennsylvania New York

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On 7th Ave., 32d to 33d Sts., directly opposite the Pennsylvania Station. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

And Statler-Operated Hotel Pennsylvania~New York



"The Magician"

ABOUT three years ago, Rex Ingram shook the gold dust of Hollywood from his feet and departed for the Riviera, announcing that he had retired forever from motion pictures, and would devote himself from then on to sculpture.

Whether Mr. Ingram has produced any sculpture during his retirement remains to be seen. He has, however, disgorged two films from his hermitage on the Côte d'Azur, and the indications are that he is not through yet.

THE latest Ingram product is called "The Magician," and is based on an old thriller of Somerset Maugham's. It is the weird tale of a modern sorcerer who discovers, in an ancient book of alchemy, a formula for the creation of life—the most important element in this formula being the heart's blood of a golden-haired, blue-eyed maiden. (Even

sorcerers, it would seem, prefer blondes.) I leave it to the reader to guess whether or not the blue-eyed maiden of the picture turns out to be Alice Terry.

MR. INGRAM has directed "The Magician" with some of his old artistry, but with little of his old intelligence. The picture as a whole is an inexcusably sloppy piece of work.

Here and there, Mr. Ingram has manifested some interest in his subject and has poured forth his best efforts in the creation of startling pictures; but between these bursts of brilliance are scenes and sub-titles of appalling stupidity.

The monstrous magician of the title is played, with terrific force, by Paul Wegener, who once stalked across the screen in "The Golem." Here he is just a shade too deliberately sinister to be altogether effective.

"The Ice Flood"

IT has been a long time since I've seen a picture in which the heroine is engulfed in a mass of studio ice. Having viewed "The Ice Flood," I have come to the conclusion that it will be an even longer time before I see another.

"The Ice Flood" tells of a young Oxford graduate—and a poet, to boot—who goes to a lumber camp and there develops the earmarks of a he-man. When the rugged woodsmen poke innocent fun at his effete ways, he responds with lusty socks in the jaw; his tormentors should have realized that no movie hero has lost a fight yet.

At the end, the heroine is trapped in a frail boat when an avalanche of ice descends upon her. "Terror," says a sub-title, "grips her heart." (Close-up of Viola Dana in boat. Terror climbs into the boat and grips her heart. Fade-out.)

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

The Temptress. Well, folks, I just can't begin to tell you what I think of Greta Garbo.

The Ace of Cads. Adolphe Menjou in something to be forgotten quickly.

Kid Boots. Several good gags, held together by Eddie Cantor.

The Better 'Ole. Sydney Chaplin as the greatest hero of the Great War in an uneven but generally funny comedy.

Gigolo. Rod La Rocque gives a fine performance—but for what?

It Must Be Love. Romance among the liverwursts, with Colleen Moore and Jean Hersholt.

The Waning Sex. Pretty stupid.

Tin Gods. Thomas Meighan and Renée Adorée make an excellent team.

You'd Be Surprised. Mildly hilarious mystery, with Raymond Griffith.

Diplomacy. Not recommended.

Hold That Lion. Douglas MacLean runs riot in Africa.

So This Is Paris. A somewhat phony Lubitsch farce, enlivened by Patsy Ruth Miller and André Béranger.

The Strong Man. Harry Langdon proves that he is the only really great lover of the screen.

Don Juan. A silly but diverting exposure of flaming youth in mediaeval Florence, with John Barrymore.

The Show-Off. Ford Sterling as the great American blow-hard in a fine comedy.

Mare Nostrum. Pro-ally propaganda, ably directed by Rex Ingram.

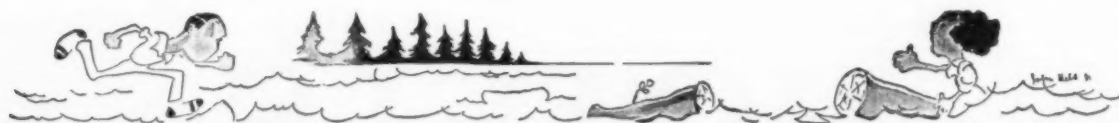
Battling Butler. Buster Keaton uses both fists to excellent effect.

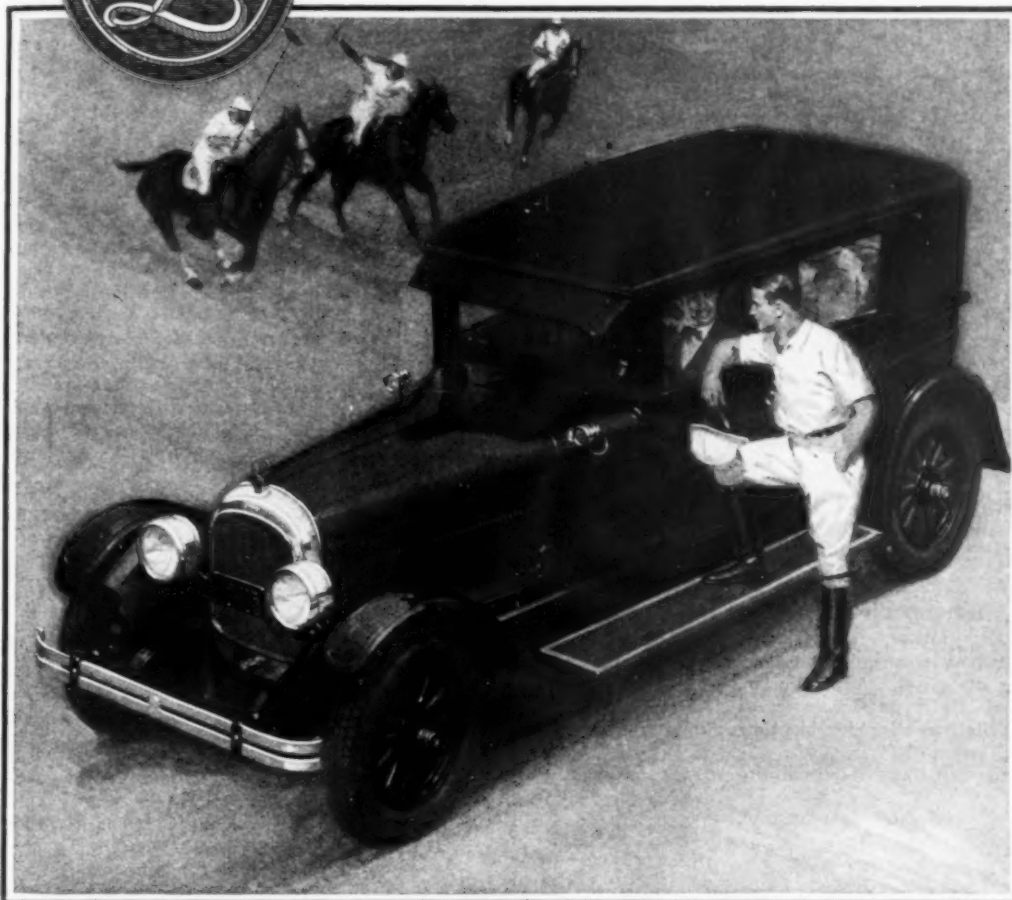
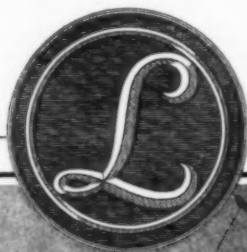
One Minute to Play. A nice little collegiate story, with Red Grange.

Ben-Hur. Scenes—scenes—scenes; men—men—men; horses—horses—horses.

Aloma of the South Seas. No one can ever say that Gilda Gray isn't an eyeful.

Beau Geste, The Scarlet Letter, The Black Pirate, Variety and The Big Parade. See them all.





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FOR more than a quarter century the name, Locomobile, has stood for all that is finest and best in motor cars. The Locomobile reputation has been insured by a policy of constant experimenting, testing, and careful building. And Locomobile has been responsible for many innovations that have definitely affected and advanced the entire industry.

LOCOMOBILE COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC., BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

One of the latest achievements of Locomobile is now more than mere claim — it is automobile history. That is the Locomobile Straight Eight, a car of such eminent superiority that its popular price seems hardly possible. Yet thousands of owners have come to know the joy of possessing a great automobile that more than upholds the greatness of its great name.

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THE BEST BUILT CAR IN AMERICA

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



"DO YOU YOUNG PEOPLE KNOW THAT 40,000 DEADLY GERMS ARE TRANSMITTED BY ONE KISS?"

"OH—NOW THAT WE'VE RISKED DEATH A MILLION TIMES WE'RE NO LONGER AFRAID."
—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

Whoopee!

GUS PATRICK JOHNSON, a sparkling-eyed colored boy, was quite hilarious one morning at school. Miss Worley, on questioning the youngster, received this reply: "Why, we-all had a big time at our house last night."

"What were you doing?" inquired Miss Worley.

"We wuz a-knockin' off de plasterin'. We's goin' to move."

—*Indianapolis News*.

Love, Honor and Obey

FIRST DRAMATIC CRITIC (at fashionable wedding): A moving and impressive ceremony.

SECOND DRAMATIC CRITIC: Hokum, old man, pure hokum.—*New Yorker*.

THE trouble with being your brother's keeper is that he thinks you are trying to be his boss.—*Dallas News*.



Back from the Seashore

"NOW AT LAST I CAN TAKE A BATH!"
—*Le Journal (Paris)*.

Time: Next Morning

THEY tell of an actor whose wife is a nagging sort. After a night out he came home and left the radio turned on. At 6:30 he was awakened by a radio voice saying: "Good morning, everybody." He landed in the middle of the floor and called back: "I didn't bring any of 'em; they just came along."

—O. O. M., in *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

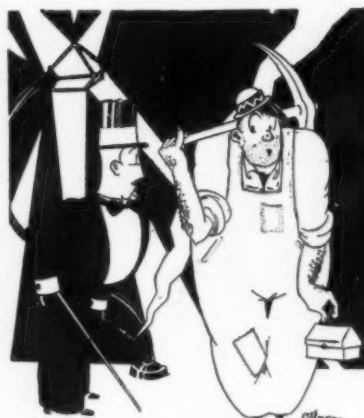
No; Let's Hear It

HAVE you heard the story of the Scotchman who went crazy trying to shoot off a cannon a little at a time?

—*New York Evening World*.

"WEAK men swear off; strong men quit," says an exchange. Ay, and if it's smoking, both begin again.

—*Boston Transcript*.



TOFF: AND WHO, MIGHT I ASK, WAS THE WENCH I SAW YOU WITH LAST EVENING?

OFF: THAT WASN'T NO WENCH; THAT WAS A HAMMER.

—*Ohio State Sun Dial*.

If Shakespeare Had Written for the Tabloids

"Crabbed age and youth cannot live together."

Bard Bares Secret of Tot-Ogre Love-Nest
(Story on Page 2)

—F. P. A., in *New York World*.

His Amateur Standing

HIS first manuscript had just been returned to the young author for the sixth time. "And to think," he observed sadly, "that promoters sit up nights pleading with athletes to become professionals."—*Detroit News*.

OFFICE BOY: There's a gentleman outside with a long black beard.

MANAGER (preoccupied): Tell him to call back with it to-morrow.—*Answers*.

SUCH is progress in Chicago—the gunman is now a machine-gunner.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



Mexican Version

"I WANT A PAIR OF SHOES FOR MY WIFE."

"WHAT SIZE, SEÑOR?"

"YOU DECIDE THAT. SHE IS THIRTY AND HER NAME'S FAUSTINA."

—*Excelsior (Mexico City)*.

The Gypsy Strain

HE stood at the corner of the street, his sandwich board at the correct balance.

"Hullo, Bill," said his hoarse pal; "carryin' restaurant now, are ye? Last time I saw ye it was ready-myde soots."

"You're right, 'Arry. I'm always changin'. I s'pose I'm one o' them restless souls."—*Tit-Bits (London)*.

For the Trophy Room

DUFFER (at the first tee): Wasn't that drive a pippin? Oh, boy, did you see it fly? I ask you, did you see it sail straight for the green?

FRIEND (disgustedly): Yes, I saw it. It is a great pity you can't get it stuffed and mounted.—*Metropolitan Golfer*.

Sign in East Liverpool, Ohio:

DR. BUNPUS, OSTEOPATH.

—*Buffalo Courier-Express*.



At the Fancy Dress Ball

Waitress at Refreshment Buffet: A GOOD LONG DRINK? YES, SIR, WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE—A SAUCER OF MILK?

—*Humorist (London)*.

From the Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys

...MET Rob Benchley and he told me a story about a man who went to a bakery, and asked the baker whether he could bake him a cake in the form of the letter S, and the baker said, "Yes," but it would take three or four days, and the man said, "Very well." And in four days the man came to see the cake, and the baker shewed it him; but the man said, "Oh, that is a script S; I forgot to tell you I wanted it in the form of a block letter S." So the baker said, "Very well, but it will take two days." So the man came back two days later, and the baker shewed him the cake, and it was what the man wanted, and he said, "Yes, that is exactly right." So the baker said, "Where shall we send the cake for you?" And the man said, "Oh, I'll eat it right here."

—New York World.

Be Consistent

"I'm worried to death, old man. I'm losing my memory."

"Oh, forget it!"—Boston Transcript.

DOCTOR: Do you suffer from thirst?

PATIENT: Yes, thanks!

—Cassell's Magazine.



A Nightmare

LOST IN THE SAHARA, DYING OF THIRST AND COMPLETELY SURROUNDED BY MOUNTAINS OF PEANUT-BUTTER SANDWICHES.

—Harvard Lampoon.

Promises

Of all the promises on earth
(Except, of course, "We'll win the pennant"),

There's one that always stirs my mirth:
"Will Rearrange to Suit a Tenant."

—Buffalo Courier-Express.

Nothing better for sluggish appetite than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

A Janitor of Arts

CHARLIE JOHNSON had for several years served faithfully as the caretaker of the "South Building," one of the dormitories, at the University of North Carolina. One day he came into the president's office and presented his resignation.

Dr. Battle expressed some regret, saying that he hated to lose him.

"Yaas, sir," replied Charlie, "but you see it's dis way, Mr. President. You know I'se a preacher, and de bishop at de las' conference has done sent me down to Tarboro, N. C., 'case he says dat charge needs a university man!"

—Charleston News and Courier.

LIFE is described by a scientist as the metabolic activity of protoplasm. It often seems even worse than that on a Monday morning.—Humorist.

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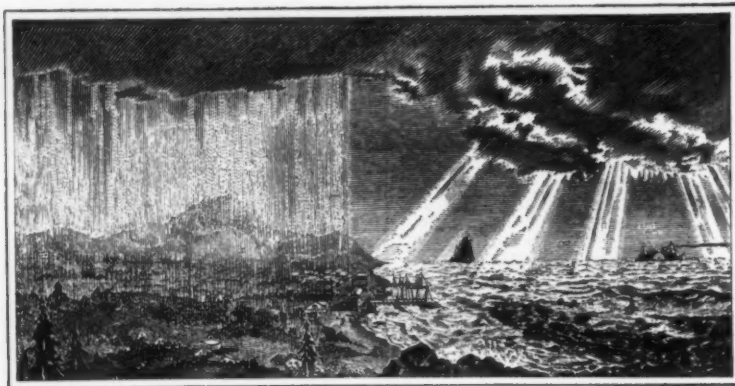
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better stores everywhere.

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Rain and Telephone Calls

THE annual rain fall in the United States would weigh over three and one-half trillions of tons.

This vast weight is drawn up to the clouds by the unseen but effective power of the sun; representing energy equivalent to three hundred billion horsepower.

The annual telephone conversations total over twenty-five billion a year. As silently as sunlight, electricity, mastered by the human mind, carries the voices of the nation.

There must be the man-power of 300,000 individuals to build, maintain and operate the telephone system.

There must be the money-power of over seven hundred million dollars a year to pay for operating the plant, in addition to three billion dollars invested in the plant.

The rain sustains life; the telephone furnishes swift communication for the nation, and they are alike in requiring a vast amount of unseen energy.

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AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM



IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

Trapped

THE man who had taken sixty thousand dollars from the Nickville State Bank put his belongings, with a few other items, into his grip and went down to the lobby of the Elite Hotel to check out.

In an inner pocket he carried ninety thousand dollars which he had removed from the hotel safe in the wee hours of dawn. In a vest pocket he carried some uncut gems, articles which a jewelry salesman who slept with his transom open thought re-

posed in the bottom of a cigar box on the dresser. But when the cashier of the Elite Hotel was making out his bill a house detective stepped up and tapped his shoulder. "I gotta pinch you," he said, simply. "The maid just telephoned downstairs an' said you're tryin' t' get away with a bath mat an' two towels."

James A. Sanaker.

ONE is always doubtful of the value of college athletics until the first time one wins a football bet.

Il Duce

PRONOUNCING Mussolini's title
Is something I consider vital.

How should one best avoid rebuke
In accenting the name of Duce?

I've met a lot of people *who* say
The right inflection for it's Duce,

But just as many more who choose
The rather softer-sounding Duce.

L'ENVOI

He may regard himself as lucky
If no one speaks of him as Duce.

Don Gray.

True Love

"DARLING," he said, "I must tell you, and you must believe, that I have never loved any one but you, that you are the only woman in the world for me, and that you are the first girl I have ever kissed. You believe me, don't you, darling?" and he gazed into her luminous brown eyes for his answer. He grasped her hands in his. "You must believe me!" he cried.

She hesitated, and then, nestling her head on his shoulder, whispered, "Yes, I believe every word you say. I love you as I have never loved before. I have never cared for a man until now; you are the strongest, the bravest, the best, the most perfect man in the world. You believe me, too, don't you, sweetheart?"

And why shouldn't they have believed each other, for she was Eve and he was Adam.

Edward Flam.



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The Friend, Counselor and Spokesman of all dogs. His mission is to keep dogs well and happy.



Dusty Says:

Christmas will soon be here. Show your dog there IS a Santa Claus—Buy him a copy of the Christmas Issue of the American Kennel Gazette, the De Luxe Edition of the World's Greatest Dog Magazine.

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Everyone who loves dogs should read the Gazette

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AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB
1200R, 221 Fourth Ave., New York City

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 14)

fear his bootlegger would not make good on a consignment of champagne against his child's christening on Sunday that I could not but ask if he expected to break a bottle of it over the infant's head.

October 21st Early up, arraying myself to keep an appointment with Mr. Esty, who did beseech fifteen minutes of my time in connection with a book of questions which he and a colleague are getting up, and when I did behold the list of college presidents and eminent men of this and that on whom he had already tried some of the quizzes, I did quake in my new satin house slippers, but Lord! I no sooner fell to his interrogations than I became entranced with the proceedings, detaining the poor young man three hours, and not coming off as badly as I had expected, neither. But I could not think of what the largest military fortification of ancient times was, in spite of all the Mah Jong I have played, nor did I know the distinguishing feature of a mansard roof, nor what automobile is air-cooled, nor the second line of "The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold," and many of my successful answers were mere guesswork, such as the manner in which Alessandro Volta has perpetuated his name. I marked, too, that "Where is Shephard's Hotel?" had been crossed out and "How many pecks has a bushel?" substituted therefor, a change which struck me as a leap between the remotest crags, and one which had me for a moment at a disadvantage....To the Bannings' for dinner, and much rag, tag and bobtail in afterwards, falling to the games which have been resurrected from nursery days for adult contemporary entertainment, and in an attempt to settle on the acme of incongruity, Sam won with the suggestion of "Antiques" and "Beware of the dog" signs in the same Connecticut front yard. The Allens there, with their usual disagreement as to the time for departure, he for going and she for staying, until Anne did announce flatly that if she ever married again, it would be to a night watchman.

Baird Leonard.

Time Out

MARY went to a football game with her college friend and after they'd made a touchdown she said, without being told: "Well, that's six points for our side."

They carried her friend out and he came to several hours later.



An Evidence of Refinement

Good taste and good health demand a sweet breath and sound teeth.

The use of Wrigley's chewing gum takes care of this important item of personal hygiene in a delightful, refreshing way.

Wrigley's removes odors of dining or smoking by clearing particles of food from between the teeth, by stimulating the flow of digestive juices, and by the antiseptic action of the flavoring extracts for which Wrigley's is famous—"The Flavor Lasts!"

The result is a sweet breath that is evidence of care for one's self and consideration for others—the final touch of refinement.

Take home a package now and then, to please the kiddies and to benefit them.

Made clean and wholesome—
only the best of ingredients
are used




Comes to you
fresh and full-flavored
in its sanitary
sealed wax package




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A Modern Girl's Letter to a Beau

"HANK, Dearest:

"Forgive me for not writing sooner but I've been feeling rather like the *devil* all this week—the gin you get nowadays is terrible, isn't it? I have been playing tennis almost every day with that Mr. Carstairs—do you remember him? The attractive one with *fascinating* eyes. Thanks loads for the cigarettes—the trouble is now I can't smoke any kind but Yale Clubs—how do you suppose I can get them? Thanks heaps for the candy. You know they make it in five-pound boxes, too. You were simply darling to send the flowers—I wore them to a marvelous dance last night that I went to with Mr. Carstairs and he was simply dying to know all evening who sent them to me but of course I wouldn't

tell him. He sent me the most gorgeous orchid this morning, by the way, but I honestly liked those perfectly sweet sweet peas you sent me heaps better, dearest. What do you suppose? Mabel is engaged—can you bear it? She has the most gorgeous ring—I bet it cost at least fifteen hundred dollars. I hope you got that raise you said you thought you would. Please write me immediately, dearest, and don't forget to tell me how I can get some more of those simply divine *cigarettes*.

"Lovingly,
"ELISE."

Resistance

"PA, what is a convalescent?"
"It is a patient who is still alive, my boy."

Why Dogs Go Mad

"TOTO!... Come here, darling... 'at's a nice pussy! Is ums Mumsy's mos' 'dorable bonbon? Is ums akcherly sweetest pussy-wupsy in whole big world an' would it bite nassy mans who twy to insult Mumsy? Yes, it would because it's Mumsy's own pleshush pet an' Mumsy would reward it with wunnerful, nice hot baff in baff tub... Oh, it mustn't stwuggle like naughty puppy when Mumsy tells ums 'bout nice hot baff because baff will make it all smooove an' fluffy angel doggie an' perfly bootiful one... Oh, was its poor ickle legsums twembling? Was it fwightened of gwate, big, shiny baff tub an' 'normous flood?... No, darling... *mustn't* stwuggle so! ... Oh, *bad* Toto to wiggle-woggle out of Mumsy's arms jus' when she all ready to give ums nice, bootiful baff... Here, sameful one!... Toto, come HERE!... TOTO!... COME HERE THIS INSTANT, YOU DAMNED MUT, OR I'LL BEAT THE LIFE OUT OF YOU!"

Lloyd Mayer.

Discrimination

WARDEN: What's the trouble?
JAIL GUARD: The prisoners complain that they're tired of movies, musical comedies and the radio, and they're demanding to see the Yale-Harvard game.

THE Bishop of Liverpool has started an English church storm by asking that Hell be abolished. Suggested title for Bruce Barton's next book: "The Place Nobody Goes to Any More."

A successful shave is made up of three things—

a good brush,
a good lather,
and a good razor.



We will supply the first requirement with a
WHITING-ADAMS
Vulcan
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Shaving Brush

The other two are up to you. This famous name on a shaving brush is a guarantee that you are getting a good brush.



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25 Broadway New York
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Men at Their Meanest

HE: Now I drive a Gazottus-Spanieli; finest European car made. Only a couple of 'em in this country. Real class, boy. The chassis cost me over fifteen thousand smacks. Say, those birds have forgot more about makin' automobiles than we'll ever know.

You: Well, the Ford's a pretty good car, too—

HE: She rides like a cradle. One to a hundred miles an hour from a standing start up a mountain-side. Nothin' like it on the road. Say, I can leave New York at ten in the morning and be in Boston for lunch.

You: But why should you?

HE: I pass everything. The other night I just made a monkey outta the Twentieth Century Limited. Youdda thought it was goin' backward. And, boy, when I open that cut-out—you can't hear nothin' else but for miles around. And how that sweet boat holds the road! Take any kind o' corner at seventy miles an hour.

You: Remarkable!

HE: And what a mean-lookin' job! Silver and purple with red wheels. Boy, they sit up and take notice when I buzz by 'em. And she's got a special airplane motor—toured all through the Rockies without once shiftin' into low! Say, I could leave town to-night and be in Frisco two days ahead o' the fastest train.

You: Why don't you?

Robert Lord.

Outguessing 'Em

I HAVE solved the parking problem!

Quite inadvertently it came to me the other day, while I frantically sought a vacant space not prohibited by law, service station, hotel or speak-easy.

The simplicity of it caused me to marvel at my utter idiocy in not figuring it out before.

But now I have it!

No more will I burn gallons of gasoline in a vain search for the elusive vacancy. Never again will I rack and twist my shoulders, strain my neck and wrench my back in attempting to wedge into a too-short parallel space. Henceforth I shall have no work for my chiropractor. No more will I spar for an opening with a decrepit 1918 flivver, suffering thereby a dented fender and the loss of the parking space, and, incidentally, of the last vestige of my gentility.

It is all settled now; I shall give the matter no further concern.

I've sold my car.

Marion E. Burns.

COME TO HAVANA



Exquisite Isle of Delight

Only 90 miles away...right at the doorstep of America lies CUBA... Pearl of the Antilles.

Rainless, azure skies...sparkling sapphire seas...palm leaves rustling in cool trade winds. Color...soft pastel shades...bold, crashing blues, greens, reds...gleaming white...a riot of gorgeous beauty.

Havana...gay, exotic...city of enchanting contrasts...quaint, narrow streets...grilled windows...overhanging balconies...musical foreign tongues...alluring...romantic.

Smart shops...great hotels...broad promenades...the opera, theaters, cafes...horse races at famous Oriental Park...thrilling speed of jai-alai...golf, tennis, polo, fishing, yachting, hunting...every sport of land and sea...luxury...fashion...pleasure.

At night...the brilliant Casino...thronged with the world's best...dining, dancing, gaming...enjoying life at its fullest.

Come to Cuba now...to this enchanting land of new experiences...new scenes...new delights...and the gracious hospitality of its charming people.

(In Cuba even the warmest summer day is made pleasant by the cool trade winds. The temperature during 1925 never rose above 93 nor fell below 66 degrees.)



For information apply to any Cuban Consul or to the National Tourist Commission, Havana, Cuba.



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the every day gift
or the gift of special
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choose
Reymers
That Good Pittsburgh
Candy

Stores approved as Reymers Agencies
are supplied direct from Reymers'—
ensuring freshness and careful hand-
ling. Dealer inquiries invited.



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FOR CHRISTMAS MEN'S PORTRAITURE

No fuss, no bother, no time wasted, either in the studio, your office or home. An ideal Christmas surprise for your wife and family. One that is your duty to give them. Leaders in industry, politics and finance have always chosen Bachrach as their photographer.



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607 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
and other leading cities.



Life and Letters

IF your own private universe is bounded by the market reports, Chanel's autumn collection, the water hazard on the seventh hole, uncurdled hollandaise sauce, slam bridge, the intensity of some one's affection for you, and similar superficialities, a dip into "The World of William Clissold," by H. G. Wells, gentle reader, will make you feel like a grain of mustard seed rattling about in a moderate-sized synthetic pearl. The author insists in a most provocative preface that this new work is a novel and that those unwilling to accept it as such needn't play. If "The World of William Clissold" (*Doran*) is a novel, then so is "The Anatomy of Melancholy." It is so much what the hero has been and has thought, and so little what he has done or is doing. On pages with such typical heads as "Crystalline, Atomic, Dimensional," how one longs for some shameless hussy to slip into the picture and throw her arms about William's neck! And after certain characters have disposed of the implications of Darwinism and then gone on believing in the special creation of man according to the Bible, one feels a little more kindly disposed towards simple trust and Dr. Frank Crane. As non-fiction, however, the book is a rich mine for those with souls above the price of Scotch and what the laundress demands for luncheon. *William Clissold's* world—and in spite of all prefatory talk to the contrary, it must be largely H. G. Wells's—is indeed a wide one, and he sets down what he knows and thinks about every subject in it. For me, the terrible task of reading both volumes in galley proof was well repaid by discovering, for the first time in my life, views on immortality identical with my own.

HOW Frank Swinnerton comes to know so much about the hearts and minds of English working-girls is nobody's business, but the setting-down of his knowledge to such sympathetic and thrilling effect is everybody's good fortune. His new novel, "Summer Storm" (*Doran*), is concerned with two young women in a type-writing agency and one young man with two thousand pounds a year. The author likes *Polly Lane* so much better than he likes *Beatrice Gayney* that he not only awards her the young man in the end, but allows her to endear herself to the reader, and resorts to near-melodrama to make *Beatrice's* come-uppance complete. This thickening of the plot comes surprisingly from a master of nuance dealing with tenuous material, but it is not unwelcome. In fact, I should not have minded if *Beatrice* had turned out to have a trunkful of bones in her flat, instead of an undesirable wedding ring and a married lover. But I mustn't reveal any more of Mr. Swinnerton's carefully laid plans. I may merely add that *Henry Falconer* did not strike me as a worthy bone for two lovely ladies' contention, a criticism which should not disturb Mr. Swinnerton, who is writing about *Polly* and *Beatrice*, and not about me. As for typists, by the way, they certainly order such things better in England.

"THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS," by Ellen Glasgow (*Doubleday, Page*), is a polite reflection of the Browning case. "Polite" because the two contestants are of an undisputed gentility and because the lurid details which make such excellent copy for tabloid readers are thrust behind a background of interesting and amusing psychological analysis. But the bird-in-a-gilded-cage theme is the same, and the moral of the business seems to be that there is no fool like an old fool. The story is of what happened after Judge Honeywell, sixty-five, married *Annabel Upchurch*, twenty-three. You may have two guesses.

This is as good a time as any to state flatly that I am tired of seeing young women, in both fact and fic-

tion, marry old men for their money and get away with it. That Judge Honeywell was a better-bred specimen of senile eroticism than is usually in evidence does not make his fatuities less deplorable, but he at least lived up more than generously to his part of the contract, whereas Annabel—well, when the Judge told her mother that he would provide for Annabel's future as long as she needed it even after she had eloped with young Dabney, all I could think of was Arthur Guiterman's famous conclusion about *Bella Donna*, "I hope to God a lion bit her!" A woman being only a woman, how much worse it would have been if thieves had made away with the Judge's excellent wine cellar!

After all, orthodox beliefs and conventional standards are the safest. As Judge Honeywell's father remarked at the close of his life, "If there is anything wrong with the Episcopal Church or the Democratic Party, I would rather die without knowing it."

Baird Leonard.

Big Game Recollections

THE money I lost....The weeks of scheming to get good tickets (at three times the legal price) for seats that turned out to be behind the goal-posts....The tire that blew out twice on the way to New Haven....The traffic jam in New York....The traffic jam in Rye....The traffic jam in Greenwich....The traffic jam in Bridgeport....The other traffic jams....The one-arm restaurant with Ritz prices for the occasion....The program marked "25 Cents" that cost me a dollar....The experts around me who advised the coach, prophesied the play, and explained how it happened....The old lady who had a nephew on the Freshman team and wondered why he wasn't in the game....The inebriated gentleman who demanded that Red Grange be summoned....The gentle rain that began in the second quarter and showed intentions of turning to snow in the fourth....The undergraduate behind me who crashed down on my hat every time a first down was made....The girl whose fiancé was playing quarterback....The words to the college songs I'd forgotten....The six people in the row ahead of me who stood up and completely blocked the view every time the ball was put into play....The six or seven minutes of the game I actually saw.

Don Gray.

NEIGHBORS are people who wonder when that damned party will end.

Remington

TYPEWRITERS

A MACHINE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

—Celebrate
Fifty Years
of Progress at the
Sesqui-Centennial

THE half Century from the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876 to the Sesqui-Centennial of the present year constitutes a remarkable period in Remington Typewriter history.

It was at the Centennial fifty years ago that the Model 1 Remington, the first practical typewriter, made its initial public appearance. The machine was then a curiosity, and visitors to the exposition purchased samples of its work for twenty-five cents apiece.

The period between these two great expositions has witnessed the conquest of the entire world by the writing machine, and the Remington Typewriter today is a universal necessity of modern business and modern life. This great record of progress has been recognized in the designation of the Remington as the *Official Typewriter of the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition*.

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TYPEWRITERS



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ELECTRIC
TYPEWRITERS



PORTABLE
TYPEWRITERS



TABULATING
TYPEWRITERS



ACCOUNTING
MACHINES

REMINGTON Typewriter representatives are more than mere salesmen. They are trained and efficient counselors, equipped to diagnose every office problem and to recommend just the right Remington machines for each requirement of any line of business.

Remington-made Paragon Ribbons and Red Seal Carbon Papers always make good impressions.



THE

Chief

extra fast
extra fine
extra fare

New Santa Fe train
de-Luxe, between
Chicago and
California

only two business days
on the way

It costs more to ride *The Chief* because it is finer and faster—distinctively superior—like an exclusive hotel or club, on ribbons of steel, speeding through a scenic wonderland, in luxury, ease and supreme comfort.

The Lounge car and Dining car have many exclusive Santa Fe features and managed by Fred Harvey, which means the best in the world of travel.

There will be an observation sunparlor, ladies lounge, ladies maid, barber and valet service, also bath.

Extra fare, \$10 from Chicago, \$8 from Kansas City—same returning.

The Santa Fe also operates four other through trains to California every day on which no extra fare is charged.

Remember—Grand Canyon National Park—and the Indian-detour.

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe Sys. Lines
1155 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Illinois
Send me free Santa Fe folders of trains and trip to California.

Play by Play

WE entered just as the two teams took their places for the kick-off. The whistle blew. There was the rush, the sound of a toe striking pigskin, and we landed in Section 14, Row XX, Seats 42 and 43.

First down, ten to go! We started to make ourselves comfortable as the men on the field started to make one another uncomfortable. There was a tense silence as the team huddled for the first real play of the game. The team hopped up to the line and—"Hey, you! Yes, you with the field glasses! Lessee your tickets!" "Me? Mine?" "Yes, you! Yours!" "Here!" "Yeh! I thought so! This ain't where you should be! Follow me!"

"Sorry, sorry, sorry! Excuse me! My fault! I beg your pardon! Oh, go to—yayyyyy!"

"Ya walk aroun' that way till ya come to a guy with red hair an' he'll show ya where ya seats are!"

"Are these seats here? I say, are these seats here?"

"Come on! We can find them ourselves! Sorry, sorry, sorry! Beg pardon! Here they are! Want to look through these glasses? Third down, two to go!"

"Will they kick or won't they?" The team fell back for a conference. The ball was snapped. A kick!

"Hey, you! Yes, you with the field glasses! How'd you get aroun' here anyway? Lessee your checks! I thought so! These are aroun' onna other side!"

"Come on, hurry! No, it's not a marathon! If you didn't want to come to the game, why didn't you say so? I had a hard enough time getting these seats! No, I said getting them! Not finding them! Never mind the nifties!"

"Come on, hurry! Edge in here! These two vacant ones look all right!"

"There it goes over! Hurray! Yayyyy! Come on now, Yale! Another!"

"Kill that guy!" "How'd you get so far away from home?" "Who yelled 'Come on Yale!'" "Let me at that guy!" "Soak him one for me!"

"What's all this fuss about? This is a sport, not a riot! Lessee your checks! So! You're the kind of a guy that makes trouble! And has nerve enough to bring a goil with him! Hey, Bill, here's another wunna them counterfeit tickets! Come on! Out ya both go!"

Gosh! It sure was a great game! It isn't so much the game! It's the people you meet and the crowds! You know.

Carroll Carroll.



There's an Eversharp for you in any style and size you want. This one, the popular standard gift and business model, with 18 inches of lead up its sleeve, gold-filled at \$5

*Sweet are the
fruits of thought!*

*Prosperity, advancement,
the admiration of your
fellow men—all these
spring from the rightly
nurtured seed.*

*Plant the seed of your
thought where it will
take root and flourish for
all time.*

Put it on paper

*Success waits on the man
who keeps in line with
his thinking that first
friend of an active brain,*

EVERSHARP
the name is on the pencil

Western Stuff

THIS Alkali Al and his fearless pal—
New Mexico Pete, by name—
Are riders as bold as the stories told
Of a West that is far from tame.

You may picture the two as a reckless crew
Out yonder where men are strong;
As a dauntless pair that all dangers dare,
And you won't be greatly wrong.

You may fancy the twain on a rolling plain,
Each wearing his chaps and gat,
All booted and spurred, but, upon my word,
They are never a bit like that.

On their pinto steeds, where the tumbleweeds
Blow over the prairies wide,
You may think they dash, but, although they're rash,
That isn't the way they ride.

They are riders bold as the knights of old
(As an earlier stanza blabs),
But their riding's done and their wages won
In Los Angeles taxicabs.
Walt W. Mills.

Round About Town

Who's Zoo: Bronx Park

THE old lady with the incredibly large purple flower hat who deems it a crime that the poor animals should be cooped up like this, and who brings (by way of atonement for the perpetration) at least ten bags of peanuts to throw to zebra and polar bear alike—in magnificent defiance of the prominently displayed prohibition... The fellow with the simian profile who never saw anything so hideous as these here orang-outangs... "Oo, Ma, wot's 'at?" "That's a—lemme see—oh, it's a baby hippopotamus, darling. Isn't it cute?" "But, Momma, it doesn't look like a baby!"... The wise-cracking flapper who joshes (for her boy-friend's benefit) the cage of parrots and gets nothing for her pains beyond a murderous shriek of "Hul-low!" and a devastating series of cackles... The tigress who means to have her nap, audience or no audience, and snores unperturbed through nerve-shattering hoots and summonings... "Not another piece of Crackerjack for you, young man! You've had enough for three. You're getting a physic the minute we get home. Now go inside with Daddy and see the nice snakes, while Mother rests her feet a little."...

Don't you think?

It is by no means strange that men who want "something better" in cigarettes turn to Fatima. All things considered: tobaccos, aroma, subtle delicacy, it would be extraordinary if they didn't



What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

The voluble, countless Italian family, lunch and all, who have come out to make a day of it and who need no encouragement at all to try out every available resting spot through the length and width of the zoölogical gardens... The woman who has managed to sneak in a kodak but cannot for the life of her persuade the leopard to stand still long enough to be snapped... "My God, kinya 'agine wot would happen if one o' them lions ever got loose?" "Fa Pete's sakes, waddya hafta think o' such things for? Ya come here t' enjoy yaself, dincha?"...
Simonetta.

Club Gossip

"I MET a new bootlegger to-day."
"Really! Did he find your references satisfactory?"

PERHAPS the services of the Missing Persons Bureau could be employed to trace the whereabouts, if any, of the Kings of Rumania and Italy.

INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!

THE CHARM OF YOUTH
lingers in a clean skin. Experts advise soap and water. Let your soap be

Resinol

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Dr. John D. Barrett



Blue-jay will enable you to wear the loveliest, most extreme shoe styles without fear of corns

Any doctor will tell you: "A corn razor is dangerous in unskilled hands"

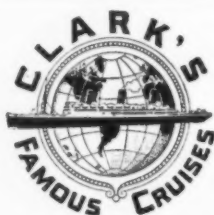
"It takes a mighty skilled hand to pare a corn," writes Dr. John D. Barrett, the well-known foot-specialist of Springfield, Mass. "The least slip and the toe is cut, and a cut toe may mean infection."

So, for safety's sake, see a chiropodist when corn-paring is essential. His knife doesn't slip.

To remove your corns at home use Blue-jay. It is the safe, sure and gentle way to end a corn at home. The cool, velvety pad relieves the pressure and pain at once. One or two plasters will end the most obstinate corn. Standard for more than 26 years. Such success tells its own story. At all drug stores.

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN



By CUNARD-ANCHOR new oil burners at rates including hotels, guides, drives and fees.

**121 days, \$1250 to \$2900
ROUND THE WORLD**

s s "California" sailing Jan. 19

7TH CRUISE: 19 DAYS JAPAN-CHINA. OPTION 17 DAYS INDIA; PALESTINE AND GREECE; also includes Havana, Panama Canal, Los Angeles, Hilo, Honolulu, Manila, Java, Burma, Ceylon, Egypt, Italy and the Riviera. Europe stop-overs.

**62 days, \$600 to \$1700
MEDITERRANEAN**

s s "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 29

23RD CRUISE: SPAIN (Madrid-Cordova-Granada); 15 DAYS PALESTINE AND EGYPT; also includes Madeira, Lisbon, Tunis, Carthage, Athens, Constantinople, Italy and the Riviera. Europe stop-overs.

FRANK C. CLARK
Times Building, New York

Investigate Before You Invest

MR. Paul Tomlinson, Financial Editor of Harper's Magazine, has compiled a list of questions for you to have answered by the Securities Salesman that will help to

Eliminate the Loss In Investments

A safe-guard that may save you from the loss of thousands of dollars.

A copy of this Questionnaire may be had for the asking—it is free.

The Financial Article appearing in the November issue of Harper's Magazine will also help solve your investment problems.

Harpers

MAGAZINE

49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.

To a Dancer

I SAW you skip across the stage;
You looked so nymphlike and so graceful
I felt that I could write a page
About your charms. You've got a faceful!

For those expressive hands of yours,
Those twinkling feet, that smile
seraphic,
Most guys could quit their daily
chores.

Why, you could stop the Broad-
way traffic!

And when you dance, Terpsie her-
self

Should doff her lid to you—ay,
marry!

And with a knife go stick herself
And do the well-known hari-kari.

You're wonderful in everything
You do... From any angle you
Are great—but when you start to
sing

My impulse is to strangle you.

Nathaniel Lief.

Sample Application Blank for Tickets to the Game

1. NAME of paternal grandmoth-
er's favorite movie actress.
2. Addresses. (See that they're
good ones and enclose photographs.)
3. How old was your uncle when
last heard from. Why not?
NOTE: Extra fare from Cleveland
to Chicago on most week days. See
Note 67b.

4. Name and address of favorite
bootlegger, with prices.

5. (a) What color ticket do you
prefer? (b) Would green do just as
well?

6. Do you want your wash deliv-
ered on Tuesdays or Thursdays?

7. Wouldn't you just as soon lis-
ten to the game by radio?

8. Write an essay of not less than
five hundred words on the advantages
of a football education in the bond
business.

9. Have you any personal friends
on the team this year and why?

10. (a) What was your mother's
maiden name before she was mar-
ried? (b) Your father's?

11. Check your ulterior motive for
desiring tickets to the game: (a)
Feminine Favor; (b) Drag with the
Boss; (c) Social Obligation; (d)
Business Deal; (e) Display of
Wife's New Fur Coat.

12. How's all your folks?

Richard S. Wallace.

THE law of supply and demand is
inexorable. Thus we have tab-
loid newspapers for tabloid minds.

Whenever your
voice gets tired—
and your throat
is husky and dry

take a

LUDEEN'S
—millions do

Throats, vocal organs, breathing apparatuses—they all work hard to keep up with the times.

Sales talks, radio talks, lectures, sermons, singing, acting—then there is the weather, the dust, the fumes of traffic—and smoking too much—no wonder throats get husky, voices hoarse and coughs develop.

That's why millions of throats are grateful for Ludeen's Menthol Cough Drops. The exclusive menthol compound brings such prompt relief.

In the
yellow package **5¢** everywhere

*A signal of trouble—
tender and bleeding gums*



Forhan's
FOR
THE
GUMS

AS the soil nourishes the tree-roots the gums nourish the teeth. And as the tree decays if you bare the tree-roots, so do the teeth decay if the gums shrink down from the tooth-base.

This condition is common. It is known as Pyorrhea. Four out of five people who are over forty suffer from it. Ordinary tooth-pastes will not prevent it.

Forhan's Preparation does prevent it if used in time and used consistently. So Forhan's protects the tooth at the tooth-base which is unprotected by enamel.

On top of this Forhan's preserves gums in their pink, normal, vital condition. Use it daily and their firm tissue-structure will vigorously support the teeth. They will not loosen. Neither will the mouth prematurely flatten through receding gums. Further, your gums will neither tender-up nor bleed.

Gums and teeth alike will be sounder, and your teeth will be scientifically polished, too.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

In 35c and 60c tubes at all druggists in the United States.

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal

Ringside Gossip

THE CHAMPION'S MANAGER

(to reporter assigned to an interview in the champion's hotel suite): The champ is a great guy for edjycation. He's strong for writers, too. Reads 'em all. Thackeray, now, is his favorite writer, I think. Isn't he, champ?

CHAMPION (gravely): Writes good stuff, that guy. I eat it. Let's see—what paper is he on—the *Times*, ain't he?

* * *

VOICE FROM THE GALLERY (while two boxers carefully avoid untoward acts): Hey! Who trained you guys—Paul Whiteman?

* * *

CHAMPION (to reporter): I allus thought I'd like to take a shot at that there writin' gag some day. I sorta feel like I could. I guess it wouldn't be so tough for a guy with a reputation, an' who's got a lot of ideas, like me. What d'ya think would be th' best way to start: d'ya think I oughta buy me a typewriter?

REPORTER (smoothly): Not exactly at the start. I would advise you to break in a little easier than that. Try a pencil first, then pen and ink, and so gradually work up to the typewriter.

* * *

BOXER (to his manager during rest period after a particularly disastrous round): Den! Den!

MANAGER: Yeah! What?

BOXER (anxiously): You're positif you mailed it th' check for my insurance?

J. K. M.

A Heated Argument

"HOW much coal are you going to burn this winter?"

"Twelve tons. I knew it."

"What?"

"I said I knew it."

"You knew what?"

"You're going to burn but eight."
"Why, that's so. I never buy over eight. How did you guess?"

"I didn't. It's a foregone conclusion. I knew it."

"What?"

"I said I knew it."

"You knew what?"

"You're going to tell me how to run my furnace."

"You must be studying telepathy. You ought to be glad to know how to save a few tons. Here's what I do. Just before I go to bed I shut all the drafts and..."

Bill Sykes.

VISITING SCHOOLMA'AM: Greenwich Village isn't "Hell's Kitchen," is it?

POLICEMAN: No, lady—only Hell's Kitchenette.



Nights A-Glamour with Moon and Dancing

*A Glorious Month Through The Old
Spanish Main From February 5th
to March 6th*

DECKS festooned with swaying lanterns... golden bubbles in the tropic night... shattered silver waters lapping... fragrant winds... calling music... one who has never danced on shipboard does not know dancing at its loveliest... And this is a nightly occurrence on the French Line cruise

To the Caribbean

varied with wondrous trips ashore.

The S. S. *Lafayette* will take you through this sapphire sea... to Bermuda, to Nassau... Havana... La Guaira... Curacao... Colon... Kingston... the very names are romance. Throughout the trip you live entirely on the steamer... surrounded with comfort, with charm... gayeties... interesting companions. Thirty long, lovely days... the fares range from \$325 to \$1200 including shore excursions. No passport required.

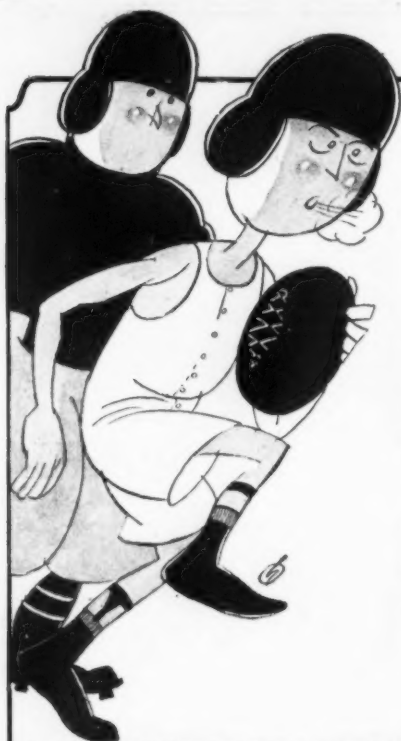
Sailing from Philadelphia February 5th

Make your reservations now... then, aboard and away... to sail the seas where the buccaneer roamed.

French Line

19 State Street, New York City

Write us or any French Line Agent or recognized Tourist Office for brochure



ISN'T HE SILLY?

No protection!

Yet many people are silly about their *throats* that same way! Cold, dust, germs, strike the delicate membranes: coughs, sore throats result.

Smith Brothers' cough drops safely protect and gently medicate the throat tissues. They quickly soothe irritation, relieve hoarseness, ease and stop the cough. Your whole throat is cooled, cleared, refreshed.

"The cheapest health insurance in the world"

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS

5c S-Bs or Menthol



Things That Really Matter

"Is he *really* looking at me?"

"How fast can the old hack *really* travel?"

"How may I know if she *really* loves me?"

"Would my hair *really* look better shingled closer?"

"Can we *really* afford not to live in this neighborhood?"

"Is the show *really* risqué?"

"Is this *really* good stuff?"

"Do you think this skirt is *really* short enough?"

"Yes, my dear, I *really* danced with the Prince of Wales."

"Did she *really* say that about me?"

M. E. B.

Westward, Ho!

AFTER attempting to sit in a genuine Colonial chair or to sleep in a genuine Colonial bed with any degree of comfort, one is better able to understand why the American pioneers were always so willing to leave home and push into the wilderness.

Next Week—

ANNOUNCEMENT of winners of the GAY NINETIES CONTEST

in the
Thanksgiving Number
with a cover by
F. G. COOPER and
a double-page cartoon
in color by
ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Then—the
Radio Number
with a cover by
JOHN HELD, JR.

And THEN—the
Christmas Number
with a cover by
COLES PHILLIPS

The Best Friend on the Road

A great traveling companion, this Barbasol. No tools to pack except the good old razor. No brush. No rub-in. And a real head-barber shave! 35c and 65c tubes.



The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 10c.
Please send trial tube.

Name.....

Address.....

E-M-11-11-26

For Modern Shaving



CHALFONTE~ HADDON HALL ATLANTIC CITY

In the very center of things
on the Beach
and the Boardwalk.

Especially delightful during the winter months are the broad deck porches facing the sea with their comfortable steamer chairs looking down on the flowing life of the Boardwalk. For the more active—golf, riding on the beach, theatres, Boardwalk activities, fascinating shops, music and entertainment.

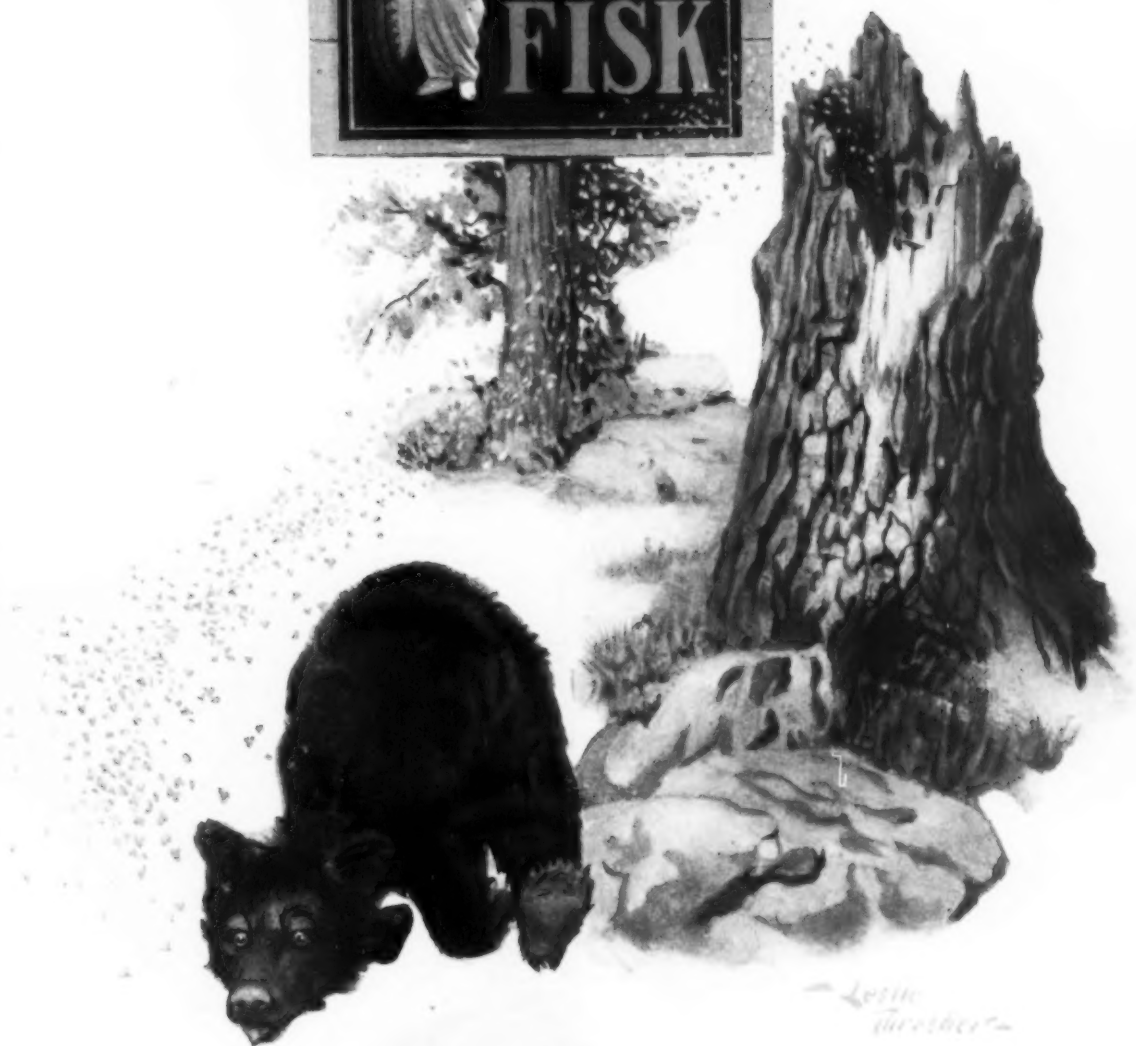
American Plan Only - Always Open

Illustrated Folder on Request

"Dual Trio" Radio Concerts every
Tuesday evening—Tune in on WFO at 9.

LEEDS AND LIPPINCOTT CO.

BUSH TERMINAL PRINTING CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK



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The Fisk Tire Company, Inc., Chicopee Falls, Mass.*

ATWATER KENT RADIO SPEAKERS



This is the Model G Radio Speaker—with the new note of decorative color. The bell and base are amber-buff, the "gooseneck" is sage-green. Price, \$23.



It's only good judgment to make sure your Speaker is as good as your Receiver. You are sure if both bear the Atwater Kent name-plate.

TONE, YES—AND BEAUTY, TOO

GREAT ARTISTS, including Josef Hofmann, Louise Homer, Mary Lewis, Albert Spalding, and Reinald Werrenrath, use and approve Atwater Kent Radio Speakers.

Naturally, they are sensitive to imperfection of tone, and so they prefer the instrument that reproduces the broadcast programs faithfully.

You, too, know that when a good receiving set delivers the electrical pulsations to the speaker, the task is only half done. The speaker must convert those electrical waves into sound waves—that is, speech or music, and do it so that nothing of the original is lost.

All speakers should do this—but sometimes receiving sets are blamed for "poor reception" when the speaker is really at fault.

Atwater Kent Radio Speakers are designed especially for use with Atwater Kent Re-

ceiving Sets. They truly re-create *all* the notes with impartial fidelity.

AND now into the picture comes a dash of color. Here's a Radio Speaker in two tones—amber-buff and sage-green. The finish is crystalline. Some of you will find the right decorative note for the home color scheme in this more brilliant new member of the family. Some of you will prefer the dark brown of our other models. You have your choice of colors—the tone quality remains the same.

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING:—The Atwater Kent Radio Hour brings you the stars of opera and concert, Radio's finest program. Hear it at 9:15 Eastern Time, 8:15 Central Time, through:

WEAF . New York	WTAM . Cleveland	WGN . Chicago
WJAR . Providence	WCCO Mpls.-St. Paul	WGR . Buffalo
WEET . . . Boston	WTAG . . Worcester	WOC Davenport
WRC Washington	WCAE . Pittsburgh	KSD . St. Louis
WSAI . Cincinnati	WFI Philadelphia	WWJ . Detroit

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada



Model L Speaker, dark brown crystalline finish, \$16.00

Write for illustrated booklet telling the story of Atwater Kent Radio



Model H Speaker, dark brown crystalline finish, \$21.00

ATWATER KENT MFG. COMPANY *A. Atwater Kent, President* 4753 Wissahickon Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

